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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE

3D.

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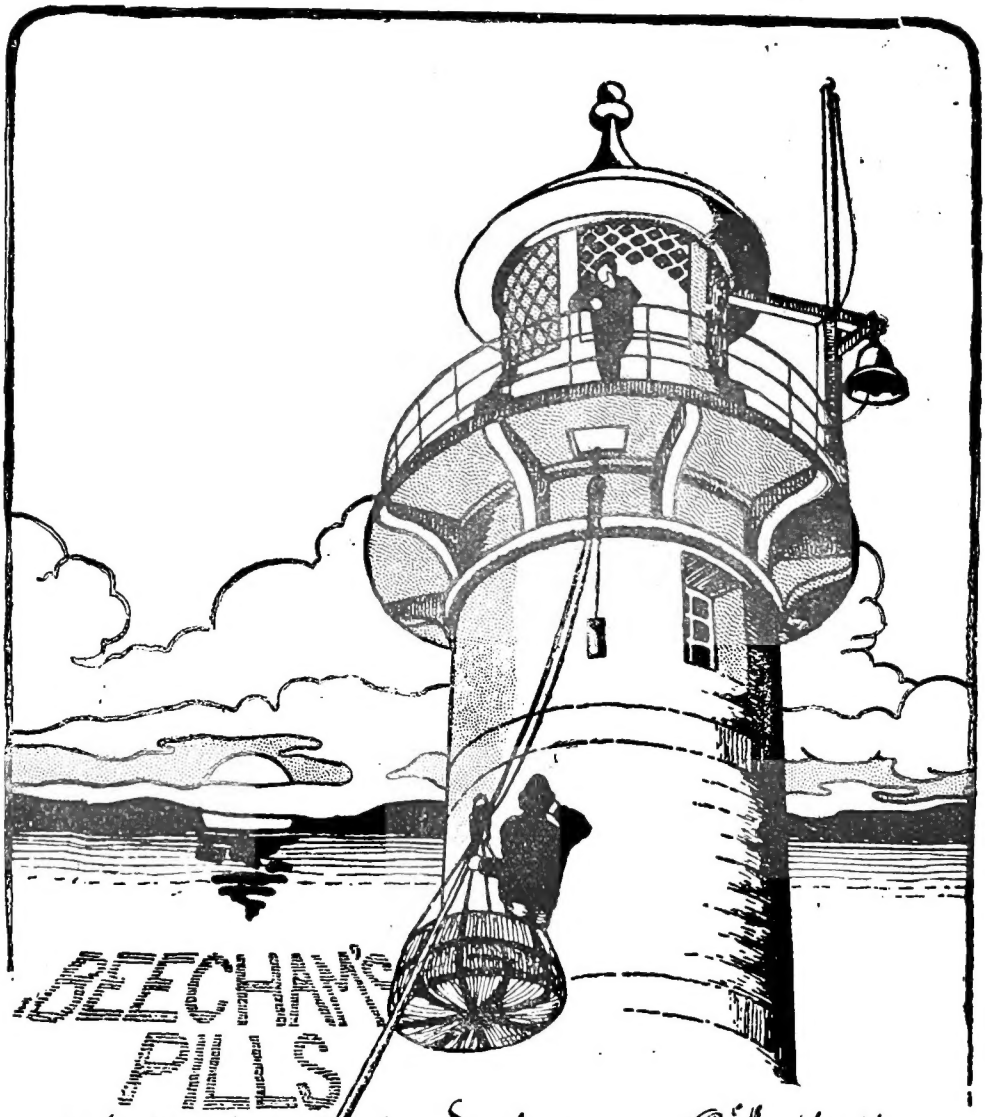

BEECHAM'S PILLS

are to the disordered System as Oil to the troubled Waters and steer clear of danger to health by making Beecham's Pills your Guiding light on the first appearance of depression, a sure signal of distress which if unheeded may lead on to Wreck.

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'THE STOMACH GOVERNS THE WORLD.' —GENERAL GORDON.

DEPARTED ERRORS—*'Our past becomes the mightiest Teacher to our FUTURE; looking back over the tombs of DEPARTED ERRORS, we behold by the side of each the face of a WARNING ANGEL.'*—LORD LYTTON.

'Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.'
—BISHOP HALL.

'THOU COMEST IN SUCH A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE.'

SUNRISE OFT PROCLAIMS ITS VERDICT AND ITS WOE.

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.—Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, changes of the weather, sleeplessness, feverish cold, with high temperature and quick pulse, breathing impure air, too rich food, alcoholic drink, gouty, rheumatic, and other blood poisons, biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of the stomach, &c. Use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' an Imperative Hygienic Need. It is everything you could WISH as a SIMPLE, SOOTHING, NATURAL, and HEALTH-GIVING agent. You CANNOT OVERSTATE its GREAT VALUE in keeping the BLOOD PURE and FREE from DISEASE by NATURAL MEANS.

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—"After suffering for nearly two and a half years from SEVERE HEADACHE and DISORDERED STOMACH, and after trying almost everything, and spending much money, without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a GREAT DEAL of GOOD, and now I am RESTORED to MY USUAL HEALTH; and others I know that have tried it have NOT ENJOYED such GOOD HEALTH for years.—Yours most truly—VERITAS."

Only Truth can give True Reputation. Only Reality can be of Real Profit.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE. WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM!

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, and FEVERISH Condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—*See Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS imitation.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, LTD., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

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CIGARETTES

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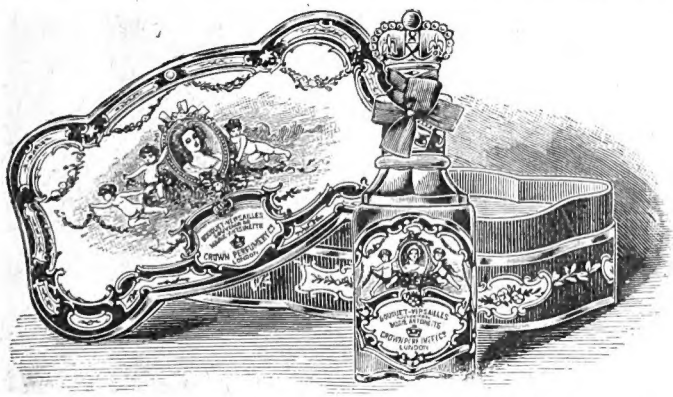
BOUQUET VERSAILLES

Souvenir of Marie Antoinette



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a garment in the Costume Marts of the World, which for **Smartness, Durability, Excellence of Make and Finish,** and **Modesty of Cost,** could justly rank in the same class as the famous

John Noble HALF-GUINEA COSTUME

Promptly sent by Parcel Post, safely packed, direct from **The Largest Firm of Costumiers** in the **World,** but which

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An exceedingly smart, well-made Chesterfield Coat and full-wide Tailor Skirt. **10/6** Price, complete Costume, **10/6;** carriage, 6d. The Skirt alone for 5/6; carriage, 5d. Made up in Costume Coating or Cheviot Serge.

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Smart Costume consisting of full Skirt and Blouse Bodice, which has plain tight-fitting back **13/9** and full fronts, prettily embroidered. Price **13/9**; carriage and leather board box, 1/- extra.

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A new design with well cut Bodice, trimmed Braid, and full-width Tailor-Skirt, **10/6** in latest design. Price complete Costume, **10/6**; carriage, 6d. The Skirt alone, 5/6; carriage, 5d.

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Made in Strong Serge, with saddle top, full sleeves, and pocket.

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A FULL DRESS LENGTH of either cloth (6 yards 52 inches wide) for **7/6**; carriage 8d.
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THE NEW AUTUMN AND WINTER ILLUSTRATED DRESS AND DRAPERY LIST, full of Wonderful Value in Ladies' and Children's Costumes, Dress Goods, Jackets, Capes, Mantles, Waterproofs, House Linens, Millinery, Window Curtains, &c., sent **POST FREE.**

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SOUP

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Made in 4 VARIETIES:
Brown, White, Tomato, Gravina.

Savoury Stews, hashes, and ragoûts are always welcome fare. These can be made to perfection from odds and ends that might otherwise be wasted, when Edwards' Desiccated Soup finds it proper place in a well-ordered kitchen. Thrifty housewives admit it to be a constant source of economy.

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No Middlemen's Profits.
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Many Qualities
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ALL KINDS OF KNITTING OR CROCHETING.

Samples (which need not be returned), with Knitting Instruction Book, free on application to—

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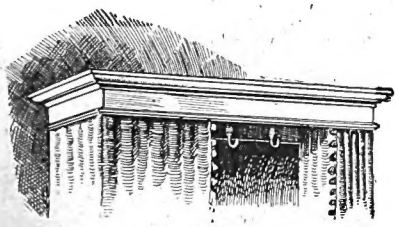

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ELABORATELY CARVED ANTIQUE OAK PEDESTAL WRITING TABLE, fitted with drawers and locks, top lined with leather—

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4 ft. „	... ...	4 10 0
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3

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I.—SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA is a Pure Cocoa, made from the finest beans obtainable, and the choicest of the world's markets. Before the initial stages of manufacturing are commenced these are carefully inspected, and ONLY THOSE in sound condition are used.

II.—In the process of manufacture all the valuable properties natural to Cocoa are preserved intact, thus rendering Cocoatina absolutely full of nourishing and strengthening properties, and any so-called beneficial admixture would only lessen its value.

III.—By an unique process of manufacture, the valuable PHOSPHATES—of vital importance to children—are rendered perfectly soluble and assimilative to the weakest digestive organs, so much so that children using it regularly become perfectly supplied with RED BLOOD corpuscles, and are independent of unpalatable and digestive-disturbing chemical tonics.

3

These three instances will show that this "truly great Cocoa" is the favourite cup in the Palace, and amongst celebrated Scientists:

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Colours grey or faded hair, BLONDE, LIGHT or DARK BROWN, BLACK, AUBURN & GOLDEN. It contains neither lead, silver, sulphur, nor anything injurious.

Guaranteed not to burn the hair, produce an unnatural tint, but to be permanent, washable, free from grease or stickiness, and

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A MEDICAL CERTIFICATE with every Bottle.

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DESSERT DITTO
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TEA SPOONS
2/3 PER DOZ.

WARRANTED TO WEAR WHITE THROUGHOUT.

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THE WONDERFUL "TEA POT."

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Full Size. Strong & Elegant. Hand-Engraved.

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ALL POST FREE.

Half-dozen Supplied Post Paid.

To encourage Trade with Colonies first orders of £1 and up sent post free to Australia, South Africa, or Canada.
The *Christian Commonwealth*, 15th March, 1888, says: "We can honestly say we are surprised that such articles can be supplied at so small a cost. The table knives (6/- doz.) are both strong and handsome, and would be cheap at double the price. The same remark applies to the nickel silver."
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THEY GIVE THE THROAT EASE AND REST!

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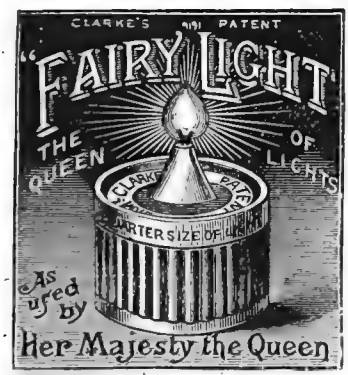
CLARKE'S "FAIRY" & "PYRAMID" LIGHTS



"FAIRY" LIGHT.

With double Wicks, in Boxes containing 6 Lights and Glass, burn 10 hours each.

To burn 6 hours, 10 Lights and Glass in box.

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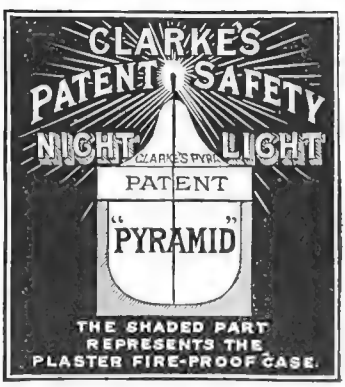

In Patent Fireproof Plaster Casing.

"PYRAMID" LIGHT.

Single Wicks, burns 9 hours each, in Boxes containing 8 Lights.

To burn 6 hours, 12 Lights in Box.

2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each.

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MOORE'S "ITA" HAIR FASTENER ensures a comfortable and firm coiffure positively without even bruising a hair of the head. When purchasing of your Hairdresser or Draper, see the name is stamped thereon and take no other. Two qualities, **6d.** and **1/-** each.

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Of all Grocers and Stores, or a sample bottle post free for nine stamps.

MASON'S ESSENCE OF COFFEE AND CHICORY

EXPELS THE OLD METHOD

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Sample bottles of either sent free for **9d.**, *two assorted,* **1 3**, *three assorted,* **1 8.**

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BECAUSE WE MAKE

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FREE SAMPLES.

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FULL SIZE STRONG AND ELEGANT RICHLY ENGRAVED BY HAND

Solid White Bone beautiful Table Knives, 6/- doz. Dessert 5/6 doz. Carvers, 3/- pair. Finest White Nickel Silver Tea Spoons, 2 6 doz. Dessert Spoons and Forks, 5 6 doz. Table Spoons and Forks, guaranteed to wear like silver all through, 6 6 doz.

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Write for our new Catalogue, with hundreds of illustrations. Post free to any address.

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21S DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS CARR. PAID 21S

POPULAR PARCEL

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GIVEN AWAY with each parcel: 6 **Lace Covers**, fringed, for dressing-table, one 45in. long, and 5 smaller. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned.

"The Young Ladies' Journal," May, 1897, says: "We can confidently recommend Peach's Curtains, having proved their wear for many years."

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TONE UP YOUR SYSTEM and ward off disease by taking **"NERVETONINE."**

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Ask for Thompson's "Guide to Health," free gratis.

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If you suffer from headache, brain-fag, fatigue and exhaustion you will be glad to know of a cure which is prescribed by all doctors, which is absolutely safe to take, and which acts as an invigorating tonic to the tired and weary brain.

BISHOP'S CITRATE OF CAFFEINE

will speedily clear the brain and remove the most painful headache. It acts like a charm. See that each Label bears the Name of ALFRED BISHOP, and do not accept the worthless imitations often offered by dealers as being the same as BISHOP'S. A booklet on headache sent post free on application to SPECKS FIELDS, 48 SPELMAN ST., LONDON, N.E. Of all Chemists, price 1s. 1½d. and 2/- per bottle.

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INVALIDS and the AGED.
Delicious, Nutritive, and Digestible.

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"Yours truly,
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are indispensable in every lady's waist, and are especially necessary in bicycling, golf and other athletics

RELIABLE, WATERPROOF, SOFT AS KID, EASILY WASHED.

For sale everywhere.

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Trade-Mark on every Shield.

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"GLYCERINE & HONEY JELLY"

For Chaps, Roughness of Skin, &c.

It softens and Improves the HANDS, FACE and SKIN generally. Still growing in popular favour after 30 years' use. *Beware of Spurious Imitations.* Sold by all Chemists and Stores, in Metallic Tubes, **6d.** and **1s.** Sample Tube post free for 6 or 12 stamps from Proprietors.

"CHILLILINE," or Chilblain Jelly,

is the BEST REMEDY FOR CHILBLAINS. *It gives immediate relief. A few applications will effect a cure.* In Metallic Tubes **1/1½**. Of all Chemists and Stores, or post free, 14 stamps, from

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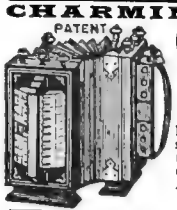

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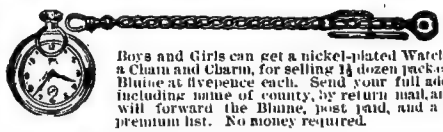

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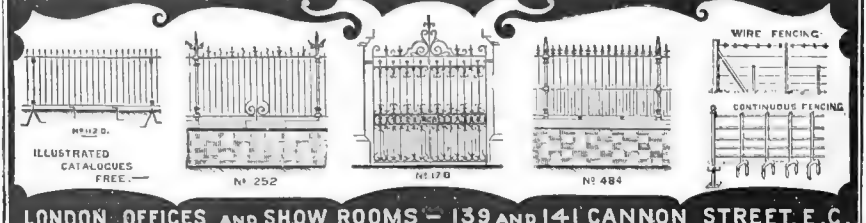

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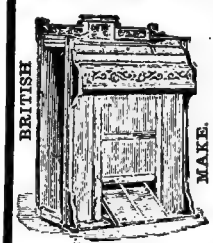

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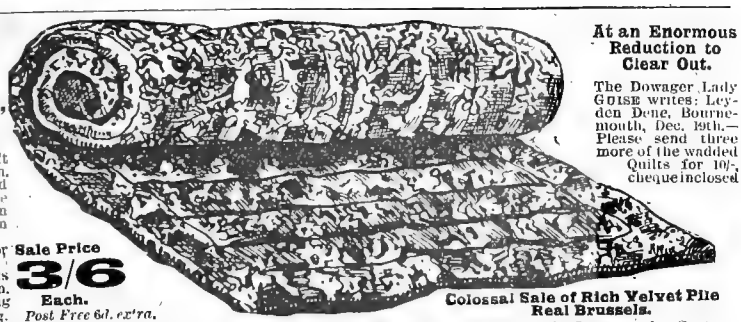

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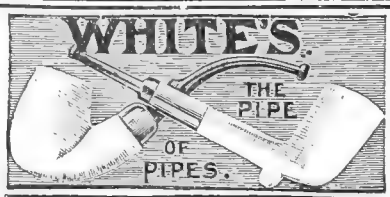

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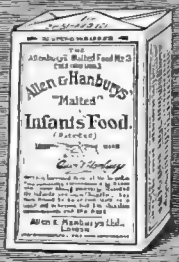

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1898.

		PAGE:
OUTSIDE COVER designed by Madame Lallie Garet Charles.		
HE FLUNG UP HIS ARM AND STABBED HER By G. H. Edwards.		*Frontispiece.*
A COWARD'S TRAGEDY. A Complete Story Illustrated by G. H. Edwards.	TOM GALLON	99
SPITE HALL Illustrated with a Photograph.		109
THE ART OF THE CAMERA Illustrated with Photographs.	GEO. M. WALKER	110
SOME CURIOSITIES FROM SAVAGE HOMES Illustrated with Photographs.	FLORENCE E. BURNLEY	120
A ROMANCE OF THE RING. A Complete Story Illustrated by A. J. Gough	KIRBY DRAYCOTT	127
AN OUTRIDER OF THE CZAR Illustrated with a Photograph.		134
SOME PEOPLE AND THEIR PARENTS Illustrated with Photographs.		135
AFTER THE ACCIDENT Illustrated with Photographs.	JEFFERY DENISON	138
MY PRETTY MAID. A Complete Story Illustrated by A. M. Garden.	A. M. MOORE	144
DEATH BY ELECTROCUTION Illustrated with Photographs.	JAMES S. METCALFE, M.A.	149
EIGHT OF THE QUAINTEST LITTLE PETS ON EARTH Illustrated with a Photograph.		156
MR. DRINKWATER STICKS TO IT Full-page Illustration by Leslie Wilson.		157
THE MOST EXPENSIVE OF EVERYTHING Illustrated with Photographs.	CHARLES RAY	158
KGT. TO Q.B.5. A Complete Story Illustrated by Louis Gurmis.	H. B. VOGEL	164
SNAP SHOT INTERVIEWS CYRIL MAUDE. Illustrated with Snapshots.		170
THINGS FOUND AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA Illustrated with Photographs.	T. C. HEPWORTH, F.C.S.	172
ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF HEADS Illustrated by F. C. S.		179
MUSSER DICK Illustrated by Arthur Garratt.	EDWARD NOBLE	184
HOW THE BIGGEST SHIP AFLOAT FOUGHT THE FIERCEST HURRICANE ON RECORD Illustrated by Henry Austin and with Photographs.	CLEMENT EDWARDS	190

The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

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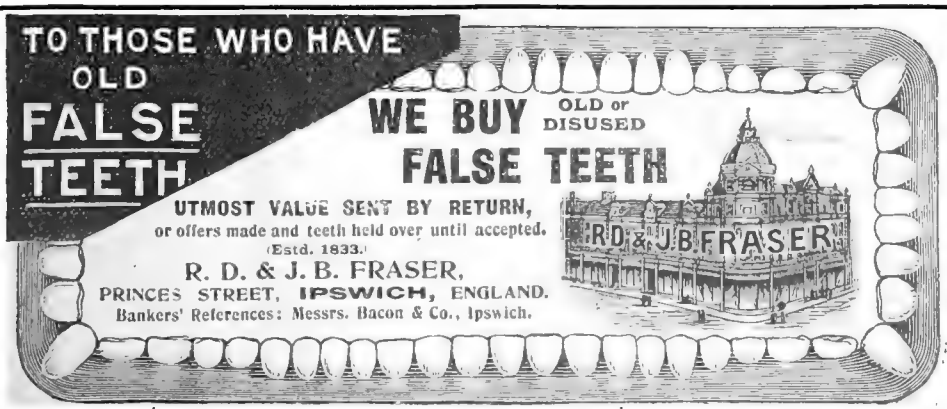
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HE FLUNG UP HIS ARM, BROUGHT IT DOWN FIERCELY AND STABBED HER.

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By Tom Gallon.

In a dull little town in the Midlands a woman lives out her uneventful life, in wistful hope of release from an existence from which has been shorn away whatever of promised brightness it may have held. She cries in her prayers sometimes for the gift the gods deny—the gift of forgetfulness.

And in an unknown island of the Pacific, rich in the splendour of tropical plants—a little lonely Paradise, far out of the track of passing ships—there are two unmarked and forgotten graves, side by side, where no foot of man ever treads—no human voice is ever heard.

Between the woman in the dull little town and the two graves in the tropical island cropping up out of the sea, there hangs the strangest history, perhaps, that this strange old world can show.

The hero of the story—if such a title may justly be given to any weak and vacillating and sinful man—was a certain Grant Bradberry—a solicitor in respectable practice in a London suburb. Although he was married, it may safely be asserted that he had never actually fallen a victim to the passion of love, in the more emotional sense of the term; athwart his well-ordered days no faintest note of the tragedy we dub life had been heard. From the point of view of good citizenship this was as it always should be; he had married the woman who presided at his table because he liked and respected her, and because she appeared to be a creature of no violent or fatiguing moods, to disturb the even tenour of his days.

He had been well and carefully brought up, with a view to a due observance of the most necessary of the social commandments; his practice was a lucrative one; and he looked forward, under a benign Providence, to a long and honourable life, with a prospective paragraph in the local paper to chronicle his lamented decease, as a just and fitting ending of all things merely earthly.

It is, perhaps, matter for regret that his wife should, for her part, have given him a wholly passionate and idolizing love—given it, too, dumbly enough, with a feminine fear that she might not be understood. That fear kept her mute and helpless—beating her poor wings for ever against the immovable bars of her commonplace, respectable surroundings. There were so many things she learned, from necessity, to keep to herself, that it is small wonder if, after a time, the soul-voice which would have been eager to respond to the least suggestion of sympathy became dulled to a mere whisper, from constant self-communing.

So three years went by, and the husband had fitted his neck well to the quiet burden of life; the wife had grown to look, with something of resigned patience, to those other long years which stretched before her.

Grant Bradberry sat in his office one late summer afternoon, meditatively chewing the feather of a pen. He had that morning almost settled with his wife the place of their annual holiday—a place with well ordered, well-paved streets, electric-lighted, and irreproachable as to drainage, and with a hard and uncompromising esplanade, whereon unbending models of propriety—like unto themselves—walked listlessly, eyeing their fellows, and with but scant thought of the tumbling sea at their feet, or all the God-given glories of wind-swept hillside or tree-shadowed woodland ways elsewhere. But that it was all necessary, from his social standpoint, it is probable that he would not have left town at all.

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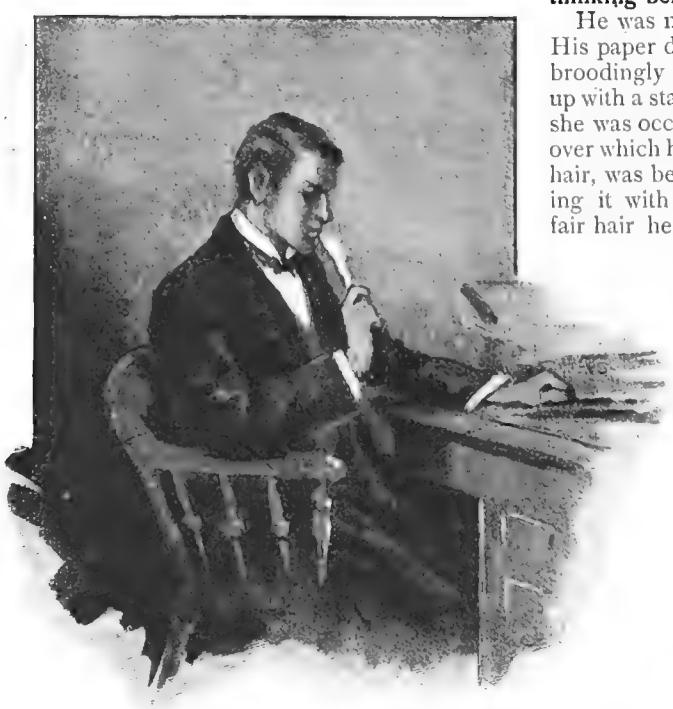
As he glanced over the wire blinds of the little office into the sunny street, a cab drew up, and a woman got out—a tall, fair woman, with expensive skirts clutched in a well-gloved hand. She disappeared within the open doorway of the house, out of his line of vision, and he sat expectant, until his small clerk came in, and announced that a lady wished to see him. He got up then, and stood with his back to the fireplace awaiting her entry.

In all the after years he tried, again and again, to bring that first meeting before his mental sight, and failed. He tried to remember her as the unknown client, who came into his office as any other client might have done; tried to dismiss from his thoughts the effect that the bold and heavy fairness of the woman, the subtle odours of her, the self-assured grace, had upon him at that first moment.

For the dull man of law discovered an unaccustomed heart-beat in his bosom, a sudden quickening of pulses that had lain unstirred. It has been said that to every man one type of woman will appeal, with certainty of conquest, in the passionate sense; perchance this was the woman, in the case of Grant Bradberry.



Grant Bradberry sat in his office one late summer afternoon meditatively chewing the feather of a pen,

He placed a chair for her, and she sank into it, with a little inclination of the head. Her business proved to be of the most ordinary and unromantic description—merely the investment of some small property she possessed. But he found his eyes wandering away from the paper on which he was making notes, and seeking her face; he had to recall himself to a recognition of the business character of the interview more than once.

She gave her name as Mrs. Seale—Deborah Seale. She spoke of her late husband with a decorous and grave sorrow, that yet had in it a suggestion of the injured woman bowing in wifely obedience, from a sense of duty—a delicate desire to forget a perfectly respectable but unpleasant episode. And she finally floated out of the office, with a backward glance of farewell, and stepped gracefully into the waiting cab, and was gone.

Mr. Grant Bradberry stood looking over the wire blind for some little time after her departure. Presently he glanced round the room, and then, in quite unexpected fashion, muttered an anathema on the place of respectable holidays, of which he had been thinking before her advent.

He was more silent than usual that evening. His paper dropped from his hand as he sat broodingly in his accustomed chair. He sat up with a start presently, and looked at his wife; she was occupied with some light needlework, over which her head, with its smoothly banded hair, was bent. He found himself contrasting it with the disorderly beauty of certain fair hair he had seen that day. There was a growing impatience in his mind at the prim stillness of the soberly clad figure.

When, a few days later, Margaret Bradberry spoke of the holiday, as she might have spoken of any other domestic matter in which her husband happened to be concerned, he startled her by suggesting that she should go alone.

"I find it unadvisable for me to be away from the office just at present, especially for any length of time," he said, wrinkling his brows with a fine air of weight of business. "But I'll run down and see you whenever I can spare a couple of days."

She looked at him curiously,

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her thoughts darting out to find a reason for the change. "I did not know that there were any pressing matters just now," she said. "We can put it off for a week or two, if necessary, dear."

"Oh, no," he replied, without looking at her. "The weather will be breaking up very soon now; you had better go on the date we suggested. As a matter of fact"—he smiled rather lamely—"I do not care for a holiday of complete idleness. But I'll run down and see you frequently."

He sat up with a start presently and looked at his wife.

It was a breaking of the ways and traditions of three years, and it weighed upon her with a vague unrest. But she packed her boxes obediently, and he went to the station with her to see her off; he waved his hand cheerily and smilingly as she disappeared.

"I almost wish I had gone with her," he muttered, as he walked slowly out of the station. "Why should I have stopped in town? And she'll be very lonely down there."

He could scarcely have formulated in words a reason for his conduct. The action had had its birth in a feeling of impatience at the mere thought of that formal watering place, with its mile of white parade; but it was an impatience he had not felt before. "I'll go down to-morrow, and surprise her," he thought, with a sudden contrition.

But he did not go down on the morrow; he moped, in dull fashion, for a week between his office and his silent house, half persuading himself that he liked the new feeling of freedom. And at the end of the week Mrs. Seale again presented herself, for the completion of the business.

She walked in, unannounced, in the gayest, most airy fashion possible; the clerk happened to be out at the time. A sudden truth forced itself upon Grant Bradberry—gripping him sternly, and shaking him to a better understanding of things—that here was the real cause of his presence in London. He tried to flout it, but it clung tenaciously. It weakened the stiff legal armour in which he would have arrayed himself.

"It seems such a shame to trouble you," she said, holding his fingers for a moment, and looking into his face, "about my poor little bit of business—especially as everybody is taking a holiday just now. I'm afraid you *do* think me very troublesome, don't you?"

"Oh! we lawyers mustn't think of that, you know," he said, smiling. Then, as she looked at him as though expecting something more, he flushed, and added: "I am very glad to be able to help you, quite apart from any professional feeling in the matter."

She flashed a glance at him as she sat down; and the long white parade in that formal watering place, and the dull, ordinary figure of the woman waiting there for him, receded to a very remote distance.

The little business interview was soon ended; she found it necessary, in looking over papers with him, to put her head disturbingly near his own, and he found himself glancing sideways at her, with an insane longing to touch the little straying strands of hair that half concealed her small ears. He found it imperative to send his eyes round the dull room, as a species of business reminder; and even to get up, and stand near the fireplace, looking down at her.

It was a very hot day, and the upper parts of the windows were open. The intermittent noise of the suburban traffic floated into them; passing footsteps sounded sharply, and died away; and shadowy figures passed now and then on the other side of the wire blind. There was silence in the room for a few moments, broken only by the heavy ticking of the square wooden clock on the mantelshelf; then she planted her elbows on the table, and put her chin on her palms, and looked up at him. There was a daring

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familiarity in the attitude, and in the look, and the man smiled.

"Don't you find it horribly dull sitting here all day, with the same street view outside the windows—the same sort of letters to answer—eh?" she asked.

"Oh! one gets used to it; one gets used to anything, you know," he replied, shifting his position a little uneasily, and calling up a quick frown to banish the smile.

"I suppose so," she said slowly. "But don't you long to get away from it all — you, a man — to rush away somewhere, and find *life*?"

There was a little contemptuous note in her voice that stung him. "I don't quite understand you," he replied. "But I am going away from it all in a day or two for a short holiday. I am going to join my wife."

"Your wife," she said, nodding quietly. "Yes, I thought you would be married; you are the sort of man that would be married." She glanced up quickly at him, and laughed. "It seems strange that I should be talking to you in this fashion, doesn't it? But I seem to have known you quite a long time, although we have only met on two occasions. Have you felt that with people?"

"No," he replied, looking steadily at her, "I don't think I have."

"I liked you the first moment I saw you," she went on, twisting one long glove round her forefinger. "It isn't often that a woman will consent to say that to a man, and that man comparatively a stranger, eh? Oh! I know what you are thinking——" She rose, and began to draw on her glove.

"What?" he asked, smiling again.

She shook her head, and laughed. "Suffice it that I know. Good-bye!" She held out her hand to him. "I suppose we shall not meet again."

She walked in unannounced.

"But——" He stopped, holding her hand; his world had been so small—there had been so little necessity in it to suppress any emotion — there had been so little emotion to suppress — that she read all the absurd unfinished sentence completely.

"Our business is finished, you know," she said softly, dropping her eyes. He turned away, and began fumbling over the papers on his desk; she half moved towards the door, and came slowly back again. "I should like to see you again," she said rather nervously, passing her hand softly along the back of a chair, and looking down at the hand. "Won't you call and—and let me thank you?" She looked at the papers he held.

"I should like to do so," he replied quickly. "It would, perhaps, be better; there might —there might be something else to explain."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Seale, with her slow smile, "there might be something else to explain. You know the address," she added;

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"come on Thursday, and let me give you some tea."

He had fully intended to go out of town on the Wednesday, at the latest; but he said nothing of that now. They shook hands again, somewhat hastily, and she went away.

She had scarcely left the house before he felt that he must call her back—must tell her—with a very proper coldness, that it was impossible for him to call. But he hesitated, and went and sat down at his desk, looking straight before him, with his chin resting on his knuckles. "I'll write on Wednesday," he muttered at last, "and tell her I've been called out of town."

"I liked you the first moment I saw you," she went on, twisting one long glove round her forefinger.

But on Wednesday he felt that he might see her again; it would show a certain fear of her if he broke his promise. So he went on the following day, and drank tea, and talked, and was instructed in various latter-day boldnesses of thought by her—possible conventional laxities which had not before come within the compass of his reason, and which were proportionately alluring. She stirred depths in him—baser depths—which no other woman could have reached.

The drifting was so gradual, and so little noticed by himself, that but a comparatively short time elapsed before he ceased to regard his frequent visits to Mrs. Seale as having any element of the extraordinary in them. Perhaps it was natural that his wife should be the first to feel the full force of the change of circumstances.

For, being a man of a small soul, he grew to be sneeringly critical of what he deemed her shortcomings; he even brutally declined to show any interest in matters about which she consulted him. The pitiful part of the story is shown in the fact that her love for him never wavered, all unworthy though he was of it.

As he lived in suburban society, and was something of a shining light therein, it may be supposed that tongues soon began to wag about him. He was less often at his office; impatient clients were given various excuses for his absence. And he began to make presents—small at first, but increasing—to Deborah Seale.

The man had lived always on ruled lines of conduct—monotonous, but respectable; the woman knew nothing of rules of conduct, save those which had their birth in impulse; it was but an easy task for her to beat down the prejudices of a man with whom a glance from her eyes was all powerful.

The crash came when she flung herself—with the ardour of the woman tempered with something of the coyness of a broader virtue—at his feet, giving her life into his hands. She chose her moment with discretion; he was buoyed with the thought of the sacrifice she was making, for love's sake. He was unwilling to recognize that he had gone so far; but she weepingly suggested that blind Fate had brought their twin souls together, and that they must bow to its decree.

In quite the accepted fashion, he left a note for his wife—a thing so meanly brutal that it might have killed her belief in him for all time. But her poor rage, even then, was for the woman who had drawn him away. She

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was weak enough to cherish a wild hope that he would come back to her, in some better time; she carried her sorrow to that dull house in the midland town, where no one knew her, and where she lived quietly on her small fortune. And there our story leaves her; for she waits there still, although she has long since given up hope that the man will come back to her, repentant. She knows but a small part of all that followed.

Grant Bradberry—with a feeble, trembling feeling that this was life, full, and daring, and defiant, at last—fled with the woman; in imagination he saw a shocked world held breathless by the event.

His disgraceful honeymoon lasted longer than might have been expected—almost three months. He had quite failed to reckon with the woman—he was quite incapable of doing so—and one day she left him, with a characteristic little note.

"Sometimes I hate you; sometimes—more rarely—I love you; generally, I despise myself. We are pulling in opposite ways, you and I; I am the stronger, and so I end it. Good-bye!"

He came back to England then, and tried to take up the threads of his neglected business, and failed. For his world of respectability would have none of him; he found the old ways of peaceful industry closed to him.

It is too long and too sordid a story to dwell upon: he gradually turned his back on virtuous things, and, reckless and despairing, went fast upon that road which leads to shady ways—forced to it, if he would live at all. He dabbled in things from which his soul would have shrunk appalled in earlier times

Once only a gleam of light shone across his path, and that was when the woman who had been the cause of his undoing came to him again, and, with something of pity for him, half contemptuous, shared his fate again for a time. But, wayward and purposeless as ever, she left him, in quite a short time, and he went a little faster on the shady road in consequence.

Years do not count in such a life: one measures time by episode. Suffice it that he did something a little more daring—a little nearer the border than usual—and the dogs of the law, watchful, sprang up. He saved himself by flight, and—hunted and broken and penniless—shipped before the mast, under another name, in a small trading vessel lying in the harbour of a seaport town, and bound for the other side of the world.

It was a far worse experience than anything he had previously known, and he would probably have ended the matter by a leap overboard some dark night, but that he clung, even now, with cowardly tenacity to mere existence. He felt that he had gone down to the depths, and that Fate could have but little worse in store for him.

He held but little talk with his fellows; his one desire was to get across the sea and escape; there was a dim hope within him that he might start life again, in a sense, in another atmosphere.

But Fate had not finished his sorry comedy yet. As he leant dejectedly against the wooden taffrail one moonlight night, while the vessel lay becalmed, he saw the cloaked figure of a woman cross the deck and lean over the side, looking down into the water. Some remembrance of a story he had heard that the captain had brought his wife with him flashed across his mind, and he dismissed the matter.

But the woman, seeing him standing there, moved slowly towards him; the hooded cloak she wore had fallen back, and her face stood out, distinct and clear, in the moonlight. She came forward slowly enough, with a little flaunting movement of her skirts which struck him as being familiar. Then, as she got nearer, she leaned quickly towards him, looking at him searchingly, and clasped her hands, and came forward almost at a run.

"God of Heaven!" she cried. "You!"

He caught blindly at the rail—groping for it—and swayed there unsteadily. "It isn't true," he muttered—"it can't be. This is some devilish trick."

The woman laughed, and came nearer, and stood beside him—looking at him out of half-closed eyes—bringing back, like the dash of cold water in his face, the remembrance of days of his respectability, when she had first smiled on him in that fashion, with her elbows resting on a desk and her chin propped on her hands. All that time seemed far back now, viewed with his dejected eyes—far away in some age remote—before the history of written things.

"Providence plays strange tricks," she said—"stranger with you than with me, perhaps. I was marked out for this life—branded and shaped for it from the beginning. You were marked for a path of respectability and unimportant virtue—virtue so small that it could hold no slightest suggestion of temptation." She threw back her head and laughed. "Then *I* came, and virtue fled appalled."

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"Curse you!" muttered the man. "See to what you have brought me!" He spread out his hands, and looked about him, as though to force her to take in the whole sorry picture. And yet there was a strange note of pride even then in his tones, at the thought that he had been capable of so much wrecking.

"Spoken like a man," she said, contemptuously. "The woman never counts; if he be gracious enough to raise her up, the glory is his own; if she drags him down, or he drags her—it is pretty much the same thing—he weeps over his broken life, and cries out upon her for being the cause. I don't know why I ever took up with you," she added, with a little coquettish movement of her head; "I don't think I ever gave a second thought to the matter. To some men the episode would have been nothing—a something to stroke complacent chins over; with you, it was a matter, in your small way, of life and death, with possibilities of fire and brimstone behind it. Do you believe in Fate?" she asked suddenly.

The crash came when she flung herself at his feet giving her life into his hands.

"I believe in nothing—now," he replied sullenly.

"Then you are come something nearer to Wisdom," she said, laughing. "For my part, I have always regarded myself as something of a puppet, with Fate, or something else, to jerk the strings. Fate has flung us together in this fashion once more, and I am wondering if it has a purpose in view. It can't have thrown us together merely to teach a moral lesson—Fate is never moral—or to show us how low we have fallen by reason of our sins. You haven't asked me yet what I am doing here," she added.

"I don't want to know," said Bradberry, with a frown. "I haven't yet got over the fact that you *are* here."

"Then I'll tell you. I lost all my money since I last saw you, and I fell in with the captain of this vessel—a common rascal enough—but I thought I'd try respectability for a change. He married me, and this is my first voyage with him. I needn't ask why *you* are here." She glanced at his dress as she spoke. "As I might as well tread the paths of respectability for a time, we'd better not know each other; we have no very pleasant memories to talk about."

She turned away, and moved slowly across the deck, and he saw nothing more of her that night.

One pitch dark night a sudden storm sprang up, driving the little vessel fiercely before it, and sending it, in a few hours, miles out of its course. Three of the scanty crew were washed overboard, beyond hope of rescue; Grant Bradberry clung—

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praying, and trembling, and fearful—to a grating, wet to the skin, and parleying with Death itself. All around was the blackness of the night, with the leaping, moaning waters dashing at them and falling away again with vague mutterings, while the little vessel plunged headlong through the darkness, groaning, and complaining, and rattling—a little, lost, vain contrivance of man, at the contemptuous sport of shrieking wind and hurrying water.

"Providence played such strange tricks," she said, "strange" with you than me, perhaps."

Long before the day dawned, while the storm was yet at its height, the little vessel drove headlong on to a reef, hidden under a white line of churning foam, and went to pieces in a few minutes. Grant Bradberry had clung to his grating—beating off with his naked hand one gasping wretch who clung to it—and was tossed with it far up on a shore, and left there senseless, with the life half beaten out of him.

The storm went as rapidly as it had sprung up; the morning sun, shining out over the gently-rocking ocean, revived him, and he sat up, shivering and looking about him. A few broken timbers, standing up like the blackened bones of a skeleton from the waters, was all that was left of the vessel. Near at hand the body of a man—huddled up, broken, and lifeless, with its head half thrust into the sand—was lying.

He was bruised and stiff and hungry, and an awful sense of loneliness seemed to come over him. He crawled a little way along the sands to where the body lay, and turned it over, and peered into its face; the man was quite dead, and he drew back from it with a shudder. Presently he managed to get to his feet, and staggered rather than walked up the gentle slope which led from the shore into the thickness of a beautiful wood, with strange unknown plants and shrubs all about him. And, coming out suddenly on an eminence, he looked round, and saw that he was on a little island, protected on one side—the side where the wrecked vessel lay—with a long reef of rocks, peeping up above the water here and there. In horrible ingratitude, he stood up there, shaking and shivering in his wet clothes, and solemnly cursed God who had flung him out there to perish; he had no thought for the fact that apparently he alone had been saved from the wreck.

He was turning to retrace his steps down to the shore, when he saw below him something moving slowly and painfully along — stopping every now and then to glance round, and then hobbling on again. He stood there for a moment, with his mouth wide open, and his eyes staring; and then went down the slope through the little wood at a run, stumbling over the uneven ground, and tearing his hands and face against branches that swept about him—yet never for an instant taking his eyes off the halting figure below him. For it was the figure of a woman.

He came stumbling out on to the sands, and the woman turned with a cry, and sank down almost at his feet; he stood there with clenched hands, looking at her.

"Again!" he cried, in a hoarse whisper. "Was there no living creature of them all God could cast up here but you?"

She looked up at him, and shook her wet hair out of her eyes, and smiled. "It's Fate," she said, weakly; and then fainted and rolled over on the sands. He left her lying there, and walked away and sat down at some distance, supporting his head in his hands and staring out to sea.

Later in the day he managed to find some shell fish and a few fruits, and eagerly devoured them. He scraped a hollow in the sand, and dragged the body of the dead man

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into it and covered it up, and stamped the sand down hard upon it. Later still he built a fire—he had found some matches in a closed case in an inner pocket, and had managed to dry them—and sat huddled over it. Then the woman came out of the wood and crept near it, stretching out her hands to the blaze; with an oath he sprang up and walked away into the darkness, leaving her there, calling after him. For three days and three nights he kept aloof from her; he turned sharply away when she drew near, and struck off in another direction. Then hunger mastered all other feelings, and drove him churlishly to her; for he found, by stealthily watching her, that she was quicker at finding means of sustenance than he was, and his man's instinct taught him to rely upon her superior strategy.

"I am hungry," he said, sullenly, as he came near her; "I can find nothing to eat in this infernal place."

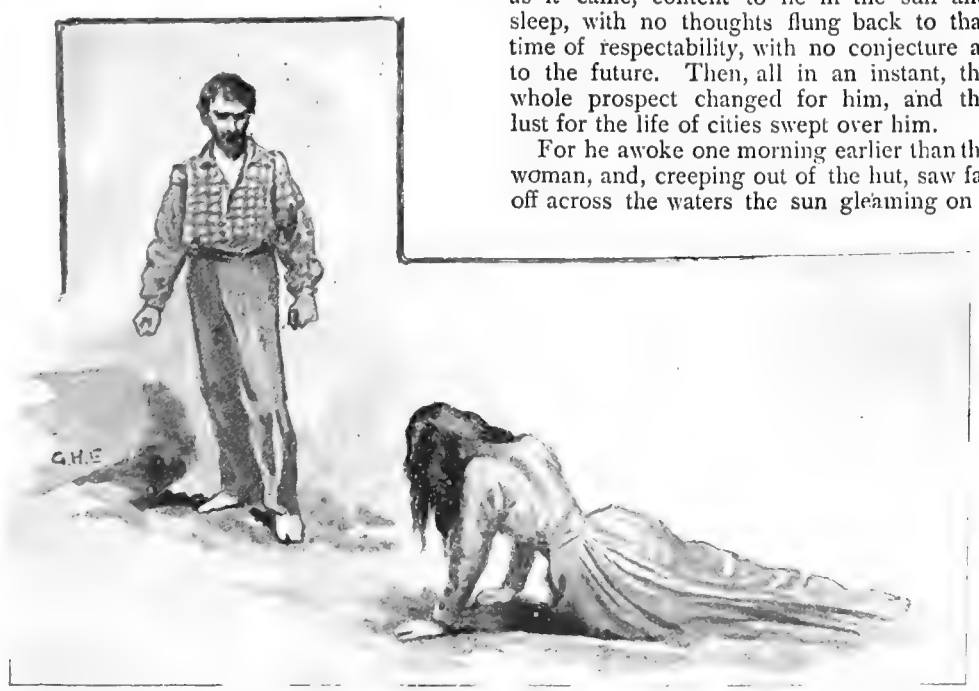
"And starvation drives you to me," she said, with a laugh. "I had hoped that something better would have done it; but one thing is as good as another, I suppose. Even here, you are a useless creature without a woman to help you. There is nothing of the primitive animal about you, I'm afraid."

Thereafter she provided for him, so far as it was possible to provide for anyone in that place. There would have been plenty for those experienced to obtain it; for them it was a hard fight to sustain life at all.

In justice let it be said that the woman—so much more daring, so much more resourceful than he could ever have been—was in all things the braver and the stronger. She never flagged, never wearied; she never complained; feminine to the last, she used her coquetries there, in her sea-washed rags, as she had used them through all her strange life before—moulding him to her will, laughing and jesting him out of his moods, and adapting herself to the life as completely and as rapidly as though she had never lived any other. She encouraged and helped him to build a hut out of some of the timbers which had been washed ashore from the wreck; she invited him to share it with her, with all the lowering of eyelids and alluring arts with which a princess in splendid robe might have wooed a prince to her bower; she made of the commonest circumstance of life a delicacy, a fantasy, which was, after all, lost upon him.

For many months they lived there, the woman, by hard experience, learning better how to provide for their wants as time went on; the man simply dragging out each day as it came, content to lie in the sun and sleep, with no thoughts flung back to that time of respectability, with no conjecture as to the future. Then, all in an instant, the whole prospect changed for him, and the lust for the life of cities swept over him.

For he awoke one morning earlier than the woman, and, creeping out of the hut, saw far off across the waters the sun gleaming on a



The woman turned with a cry and sank down almost at his feet.

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sail. He knelt there on the sands, with clasped hands, gabbling incoherent, half-forgotten prayers, and straining his eyes to know whether the sail was growing bigger or merely receding out of sight; even in the midst of his prayers he cursed the darkness through which he had slept, and in which the vessel might have passed the island.

Slowly, he saw it grow larger and draw nearer, and then, while it was still a tiny speck, far off across the ocean, he knelt there, hugging himself with his arms, and building plans for a future in a land where men dwelt.

Suddenly, as he knelt, a quick thought flashed to him, striking him like a blow. If the vessel saved him it saved the woman too; it took them together, more strongly knit even than before, to begin life again in the old way, as though this had never happened.

He got her out, and held her to his breast and tried to peer into the eyes which would never look into his again.

He had no thought for his dependence on her—no remembrance of the loyalty she had shown him; he saw only a chance here of life again, as he knew the meaning of the word—and always with him was the woman who had dogged him like a Fate and been his undoing. There was no feeling in his mind that he had caught her hand willingly, and willingly trodden the road which ended in oblivion; in his one-sided judgment she alone was the transgressor—he the victim.

He sank down on the sands, with his fingers clutching his lips, and stared out at the sail—still growing larger. "If they take me—they take her; there is no chance of a new beginning—no hope of amendment. Fate will hold me to her to the last."

With a sudden trembling hurry upon him he crept back over the sands and into the hut; the woman still lay sleeping. The sailor who had been washed ashore, and whose body he had buried, had had strapped round him a heavy knife in a sheath; it lay in a corner now. Noiselessly he crawled across the floor to it, and picked it up, and came back again, and bent over the woman. Then, as she turned in her sleep, smiling, and seemed about to awake, he flung up his arm, and brought it down fiercely, and stabbed her where her white breast lay uncovered; she made a convulsive movement—then lay quite still.

Shaking from head to foot, and with the knowledge upon him that the moments were galloping swiftly by, and that each brought him nearer to discovery, he contrived to drag the body from the hut, and out through the woods to a lonely place he knew there; and started—trembling, and tearing at the earth like a wild beast—to dig a grave for it. In an incredibly short space of time, with the aid of a sharpened stick with which he had been used to dig for roots, he hollowed out a shallow trough, and dragged the fearful thing in, and covered it up, and stamped it down with his feet. Then, with the cunning which the desperate business had taught him, he staggered back to the hut and hid the knife, and came racing out upon the sands again, stumbling and reeling as he ran like a drunken creature.

The sail was gone.

He strained his eyes in every direction; shrieked aloud, and flung up his arms; even

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tore the wretched fragment of a shirt from his body, and waved it aloft. He fell on the sands, beating his head with his clenched fists like a madman, and crying horrible blasphemies; sprang up, and ran breast high into the sea, as though he would have overtaken the vessel in that fashion. Finally, he started to run round the very verge of the island, with his naked feet plunging and ploughing through the water which fringed the sands; he had a vain hope that the vessel might have skirted the island, and be farther round on the other side. His despairing voice fell sometimes to a querulous whisper, rose sometimes to a shriek. But he completed the circuit of the island, and no faintest speck broke the pitiless line of the horizon.

Then another dreadful thought came to him; he was alone. Alone in that place where he had never been alone before, with the memory of his crime to haunt him, with the night, and endless other nights, to sweep down upon him, in that fair Paradise he had turned, in one mad moment, into a charnel-house. He dared not think of it; he flung himself prone on the sand again, and hid his face, and cried out with the horror of it.

But she might not be dead. That thought came as suddenly and strongly to him as though it had been whispered in his ear. He scrambled to his feet, with a new light on his haggard face, and went racing up through the woods to the place where he had buried her. There, crying her name, and alternately laughing and sobbing, he began to fling aside the earth which covered her, to drag her again within his sight. He cursed every stick and stone and fragment of earth which covered her, as he tore them aside; and, in the midst of his cursing, called her by every sweet and endearing name he could formulate; and cried that all was well, and that he had not meant to harm her—his beloved!

He got her out, and held her to his breast, and kissed her lips, and tried to peer into the eyes which never would look into his again; he tried, with trembling fingers, to close the gaping wound he had made. For hours he held her fast in his arms beside the open grave, rocking her gently, and whispering old love words to her; until the kindly night came on, and hid them both.

It is mercifully to be hoped that he died then, before another day broke. Over a year later a little English sailing-vessel really came to the island, and, lying becalmed some distance away, put off a boat and landed some men to explore the place. They found the bodies—or the skeletons of them—with their few rags still clinging to them; and, with no thought or knowledge of the tragedy, and with nothing discoverable which could give a clue to their identity, they buried them side by side in the woods, and went away again in their boat. And in that grave they sleep together till the end of Time.

Spite Hall.

RUDYARD VILLA, nestling amidst a clump of trees, boasted a panorama that included all the valley and Lake of Rudyard. As the outcome of a political quarrel, the unsightly structure we give a picture of was built, and Rudyard Villa was shut in on all sides with nothing better in front than the back of an ugly dwelling and a row of grinning griffins perched maliciously along the roof. The glorious view had gone, and, so it is said, for no better reason than the deliberate wish to annoy and spite a political opponent.

Photo by E. F. Warr

A dwelling built by an eccentric old gentleman for the one purpose of spoiling the view of the house amid the trees.

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THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Geo. M. Walker.

One of the greatest charms of photography is undoubtedly its versatility, if one may say so, for it certainly does not limit one to any particular subject or class of work. Yet the most successful workers in photography will be found to confine their attention to one particular subject, just as in the major world of painting we find one artist who is known as a marine, another as a figure, and another as a landscape painter, and so on. Whilst this specialisation is undoubtedly the very best thing that can happen in painting, it must of necessity mean that directly the artist goes outside his own particular subject he is apt to produce work which is neither correct in drawing nor successful in colour. In photography, however, there is no possibility of false drawing, and colour we have nothing to do with. Nevertheless, in photography the specialist who forsakes his own particular style may not produce quite as successful a picture, from the artistic point of view, as he would have in his own particular line.

Specialisation has led to the formation of certain schools in photography, but unfortunately the use of the camera is now so easy that a servile imitation is too often to be met with. For instance, a few years ago someone discovered that he could make a successful picture by utilising the whole of his print for his landscape, with the exception of about an inch of sky at the top. Next year there was a host of imitators of this particular style. Then someone else happily discovered that if he used a big sheet of paper and printed from a landscape negative on one half, and from a sky negative on the other, he would improve matters. He did so, and with the result that we have unstinted half and half pictures.

Then again, some one discovers that a foggy day in November, with trees dripping with damp, and sodden leaves squelching under foot may make a picture, and that the squares or streets in London also lend themselves to pictorial treatment under similar conditions. The

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result is that our exhibition walls are hung with fog effects, till one almost wonders whether the sun ever shone. At the same time, of course, there are many excellent workers who always give us sunshine, or at least, eschew the November fogs, both artificial and real, which the sad and sombre school always seem to live and revel in.

Take, for another instance of a particular and individual style of work, one of our illustrations: "Sea Urchins," by F. M. Sutcliffe. He has made the portrayal of bathing and paddling children and youths almost entirely his own, and, although he has in many cases employed the nude, he in no way offends even the most fastidious, as is too often done by some of the French and American schools. The fact that the figures in Sutcliffe's pictures are nude is quite a secondary consideration, a mere detail which you notice, but do not lay stress upon.

It is extremely difficult in England, where the skins are as a rule so white, to make effective studies of the nude. We have to go to Italy, Corsica, and the warmer climes ere we reach the olive-tinted skins that seem to harmonise so well with the glowing skies and rich-coloured vegetation. It is only there that nude studies are at all successful. In work of this description one has always to be careful, for it is not possible to etherialise by the aid of the camera. It records facts so inexorably that the results of photographing the nude are too often crude and harsh.

In portraiture and figure studies there is, of course, enormous scope for the photographer's artistic talents to come into play; and, provided he has a good model, he may turn out as successful a work as a portrait painter himself. A great deal depends upon the model. Without a good and willing one, who can thoroughly enter into the spirit of the thing, the result is bound to be a failure, because the camera can but record that which is presented to it. Herein the artist of the brush has such an advantage, for he paints rather the sum of varying expressions which he has seen on his sitter's face, than one particular expression, and thus obtains a much happier result.

As one of the happiest examples of a figure study, we may point to "To-morrow will be Friday," by Mr. John E. Dumont, an American worker, who has been fortunate enough to secure the services of an excellent model, of whom, by-the-bye, he has made considerable and good use during the last ten years. One might, of course, take exception in this picture to the fishing rod, and question whether a holy friar would not have had a somewhat better equipment. There is, however, so much that is excellent in the picture that one may forgive this, and for the

Photo by R. W. Copeman.

Soapsuds.

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Photo by W. D. Welford.

Market Woman at Antwerp.

hidden irony of the title, admire both artist and model. One instinctively recalls that old song:

> "Myself by denial I mortify,
> With a dainty bit of warden pie;
> I'm cloth'd in sack-cloth for my sin,
> With old sack wine I'm lined within."

Here we have no ascetic, mortifying the flesh on bread and water, but rather the jovial old friar, who recks little of his one fast day, so well does he live for the rest of the week. It is obvious that this is an outdoor study, as it should be, and one may well imagine that our holy brother has just left his stream and has met one or other of his brethren, who greets him with the question, "What luck, for to-morrow will be Friday?" And the obvious answer is the pleased smile and the uplifted string of fish.

The other illustrations speak for themselves, and prove the capabilities of the camera to record the various phases and incidents of every-day life, from the old stall-keeper in Antwerp Market to the little child feeding his pets.

I have already spoken of the facility of camera production, but it must not be understood from this that the best work can be turned out haphazard by the novice who has not possessed his camera more than a month or two. The fact that photography is within the reach of anyone who can press the button, and that even the crudest productions have some pretensions to be called pictorial, has made the amateur photographer a typical figure, not only on the stage, but also in the comic papers. Yet, to achieve success, to obtain mastery over the tools and appliances which are now so lavishly placed at the disposal of amateurs, there is a considerable amount of real hard work required.

What is wanted at the present time in photography is cultivation of taste, both by

Photo by R. W. Copeman.

Feeding his Pets.

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Photo by John E. Dumont.

TO-MORROW WILL BE FRIDAY.

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reading, by visiting of picture galleries, and by careful study of means employed by the old masters to attain their effects. Of course it may be said that to go to the painter for inspiration is by no means easy, because he employs colour, whereas photography does not give us this. This is quite true, but the old masters employed a certain system of composition, a definite arrangement of light and shade irrespective of colour. It is just this that the photographer at the present time must be able to grasp and put into his picture before he can hope to produce a result which will strike the average onlooker, and carry the lesson intended by the photographer to his mind.

Photo by F. M. Sutcliffe.

Sea Urchins.

Photography is, as a rule, but a hobby, and therefore it may seem absurd to take it up seriously and devote time to it, to make a study of it. Yet what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and it is only by this careful and systematic study and work, by the cultivation of the higher tastes, that the top of the tree can be gained.

And above all things the suppression of all but the absolutely best is a *sine quâ non*. The man who walks out with his camera loaded with material sufficient for 50 or 100 exposures, and comes back with every one exposed, and then exhibits proudly his 100 prints, whether good, bad, or indifferent, is not the man to make a successful photographer. The patient man who is content to go out with his camera, and wait hours for a particular effect, who will, if necessary, go again and again to the same place, until he has obtained just what he wants, who, even then, sees that it might be possible to still further improve his picture: this is the man who will turn out the best results —results which are distinctly works of art.

It is quite immaterial what the subject may be, for the chief object should be to obtain a really artistic result, not a haphazard, commonplace photograph. Every photograph should convey to the observer something more than the bare fact that it is a photograph. As one advances in photography it is possible to put into the results obtained one's individuality, to impress the lifeless picture with some of the subtlety of the individual mind. But to do this photography becomes, as has been aptly stated by a recent American writer, no longer a pastime, but a strenuous study.

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Photo by Mrs. Welford

THERE AIN'T ANOTHER COON LIKE ME.

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Having realised this many will doubtless call to memory the well known anecdote about the philosopher Herbert Spencer. It has been again brought to my mind by an article I have just been reading in which the author quotes the anecdote apropos of the very same subject :—"The philosopher, Herbert Spencer, whose only exercise is playing billiards, strolled one afternoon into a public billiard-room, and promptly challenged a man he found lounging there to a game of billiards. They baulked for the first shot. Mr. Spencer won and led off. When his opponent came to play, he put the chalk in his pocket and went at it in professional fashion, running out a winner in one break. Mr. Spencer walked to where his coat was hanging, and as he passed the stranger he said to him : 'Sir, I have always considered the game of billiards an innocent amusement. and a game well adapted to the recreation of a student. But, sir, when a man plays it as you play, it is strong presumptive evidence of a wasted youth. Good afternoon, sir.'"

One may well wonder whether after having made a serious study of the subject, having taken it *au serieux*, there will not be an occasional Herbert Spencer who may rebuke you in the same way. This may be, but it is doubtful whether the occasion ever will arise. I fear that few, if any, will take up photography as seriously as, for instance, many do billiards. Few have the time even if they had the inclination, and such is the ease with which excellent effects can be produced, that few will think it necessary.

I have already spoken of the prevalence of certain schools in photography, and, whilst it is a matter of regret that there is so much want of originality, there is, curiously enough, also the danger, and a very great danger, that originality or the craving for it may be carried to excess and become eccentricity.

Whilst recommending the careful study of good works of art the photographer must beware of the danger of servile imitation of certain styles of certain painters. To be guilty of this is as bad as the copying the styles of the other photographers.

Nor is it necessary to gain originality by *bizarre* effects in colour, in surface, or in framing. It is not art to cut a photograph down to such a form as to give it an odd shape. A portrait of a man or woman with the back of his or her head cut right off by the frame or mount does not make it a work of art, nor is a poor picture framed out of the centre, or a frame with metal plaques and bits of coloured glass let into it sufficient to do more than raise a smile of derision and pity at the man who can sink to such depths in order to redeem the mediocrity of his prints or to attract attention. The less obtrusive the mounting and framing is the better the general effect, as a rule ; and whilst we have to some extent improved by the abolition of the white mount with gaudy lines, &c., we run a great danger of reaching the other extreme.

It is only to be hoped that the general common sense of the great body of photographers, and the sober-mindedness of the

Photo by Slater, Llandudno

Two Pets in a Pram.

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Photo by J. Thorn.ey

GOOD-BYE.

Google

the public generally, who, after all, exercise considerable influence, both directly and indirectly, will preserve the art of the camera from becoming absurd and ridiculous at the bidding of the few.

Possibly one of the most striking lessons to be learnt from the work of Mr. John E. Dumont is the power of the camera in capable hands of turning out work which is stamped with individuality. To those who have for years been attending photographic exhibitions, it is possible to pick out from pictures on the walls certain prints, and state at once that they are by a certain worker; and Mr. Dumont stamps his work with a particular style which one at once recognises.

If Zola was right in his definition that art is "nature seen through the temperament of the producer," then photography is an art. There is a danger, however, in "individuality." It may degenerate into a style or fashion. The worker may get into a groove from which he cannot escape, and one becomes satiated with it, and feels that there is yet wanting something of the artist in the worker.

To many who use the camera as a means of pictorial expression, "individuality" is a thing quite unknown. They have absolutely no originality, and are content to slavishly copy one particular school or one particular worker, and, although they cannot themselves see nature in the moods in which the leader of any particular style does, yet they are sufficiently conversant with the various details of the processes to be able to copy not only his particular scheme of composition, but also the particular tricks and dodges by which he gains his effects.

Possibly no more striking example of individuality in photography is to be met with than when several photographers make an excursion into the country. Then it is very usual for them to practically work together, to take the same scenes at the same time, and even sometimes from the same standpoint. Yet on seeing the resultant prints, the difference is extraordinary. The one presents us with a topographical view from which the place might easily be recognised, but the other gives us a picture of the place as seen through his own individuality, from which one might possibly, but not necessarily, locate the particular spot.

At the present time, when the two great exhibitions of the photographic year have just closed their doors, one cannot help but feel that never was there at any particular time so great an advance on the pictorial side in photography. But borne in upon one also is the uncomfortable feeling that

Photo by F. M. Sutcliff.

Mustering Sheep.

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Photo by F. H. Day.

The Empress Theodora of Byzantium.

too many photographers have but little or no true artistic feeling, and make up for this—or at least try to do so—by eccentricity. And further, one has the uncomfortable feeling that the promoters of these exhibitions rather encourage this sort of thing, which can but bring photography into contempt.

Wherein lies the art in cutting the head of a portrait in half, or in framing a picture in a bizarre frame, and not in the centre either, is beyond the grasp of my intellect. I have always been under the impression that a frame should be a frame and no more; it should be absolutely subsidiary to the picture. But when we are treated to the canvas-covered frame of uncouth shape ornamented with imitation *repoussé* copperwork, the sober minded amongst us may well pause and hesitate to admit that the producer of such things is an artist.

Then, again, eccentricity shows itself, not only in the framing, but also in the trimming of prints, as we have already pointed out. To many it seems a matter of utter indifference as to whether the photograph is actually pictorial or not, as long as it is trimmed down so as to present an unusual shape, and cuts certain things in the print in half. Then it is a picture.

Another fact which is forced home by a visit to the exhibitions is that photographers at the present time must be exceedingly gloomy minded. They never see nature in sunlight, but always clothed in deep murky gloom, which they further intensify by deep toned frames of abnormal width, so that a visit to an exhibition is as depressing a thing as one can well imagine. Surely Nature is not always in tears. There are certain times, and this year most decidedly, when we have been favoured with an amount of sunshine which is phenomenal. And yet the artist photographer will take a view in brilliant sunshine, and by certain tricks of his processes, gives us a presentment, through his own individuality of that scene, buried in Chimerean darkness.

Photography has been bitten by the impressionist craze. The new English art has filtered through to the dark room, and we are therefore treated by some, and generally those who prate most, but know least of art, to things which are neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor good red herring.

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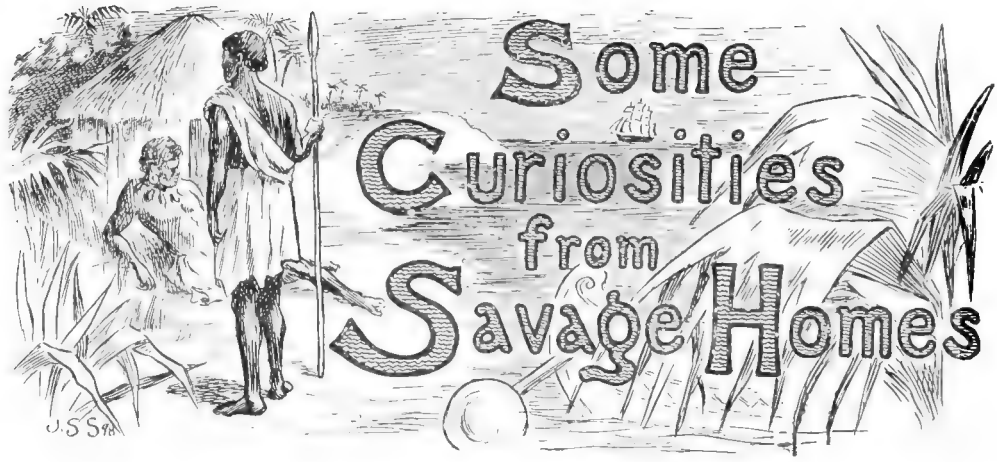

By Florence E. Burnley.

The study of man's home reveals many secrets, lays bare his predilections, habits, and occupations, and this handful of curious household treasures collected from savage homes of many nations will make us familiar with some quaint customs. Whether the hut or home be large enough to hold ten or twenty persons, or only three or four, whether it be on the ground or built on piles, the household god is the first and most important object therein — for superstition holds the savage in a firm grip and makes him its slave. The grotesque figure here shown, really only a bust, comes from New Hebrides, and is made of pith and vegetable fibre coated over with clay and painted in grey, pricked out with black and white, the arms being outstretched as if in the act of benediction. This god would have the place of honour assigned him in the hut on one of the rafters or on the ground in a separate part of the house partitioned off from the ordinary dwelling.

A household god from the New Hebrides. It is made of pith and vegetable fibre, daubed with clay, and painted.

Some tribes lavish a great deal of rough skill on their cooking and eating utensils, while others again are satisfied with the most primitive contrivances. The food bowl next illustrated from the same Islands is curious, not only from its being made in the semblance of a pig, cut out of a solid block of wood, but also from its symbolic

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This is a food bowl from the New Hebrides, and is supposed to represent a pig. Pigs in these islands are of value, for nothing of importance is done by a native but what the giving or the killing of a pig, or number of pigs, takes place.

meaning. The natives of the New Hebrides are not gluttons by any means. They feed chiefly on a vegetarian diet of yams, bread fruit, bananas, sweet potatoes, oranges, &c., with the addition occasionally of fish and molluscs. But the gala dish is *pig*, and no festival is complete without it; in fact, this animal may be said to trot steadily through life side by side with the native of the New Hebrides.

A few day's after a native's birth a killing of pigs takes place, and the baby-boy thenceforth assumes the rights and privileges of a man, and is obliged to have his own fire and meals, and to feed only on male creatures, otherwise death will ensue. The feast of naming is a very solemn occasion, and, of course, gives opportunity for a pig feast. When the youth is invested with the belt, a ceremony which takes place from the age of 15 to 20, more pigs are killed. When he chooses his betrothed wife, many ceremonial visits are paid, accompanied with a gift of pigs.

Marriage, including the net cost of the wife, who is worth, according to her beauty and her capabilities as worker, from ten to twenty pigs, costs a would-be husband no less than fifty pigs. Besides these occasions, all religious festivals are accompanied in the New Hebrides by the slaughter of at least one or two hundred pigs. The due importance of this household utensil will therefore be recognised.

The hut of the Fijian has some pretensions to durability and comfort, and the interior presents quite a furnished aspect; in fact, it looks really more like a home than is usually the case with these savage dwellings.

Part of the floor is raised to form a daïs, which is by day the divan and by night the bed of the head of the house; and very

A Fijian pillow. The trough is made to contain offerings calculated to propitiate the spirits, and thus protect the sleeper and prevent any spells being cast over him.

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comfortable the bed looks when it has been made. A thick layer of dried grass and elastic ferns is spread, forming a soft spring mattress which is covered with from two to ten mats. Over this hang sheets of thin *masi*, which are used as mosquito curtains, and are usually long enough to stretch across the house. The bed furniture is completed by one or two wooden pillows like the one here shown, which is made of heavy brown wood cut out of the solid, and consists of a boat-shaped trough on four legs, and of a cylindrical rail supported on two uprights.

This pillow is dedicated to the spirit who must be propitiated, so that he play no evil tricks on the sleeper, and cast no spells over him; for the religion of the Fijian is one of spirits, and he is no worshipper of idols. The trough is, therefore, kept well filled with tobacco. The Fijian is obliged to use this hard and uncomfortable-looking article for a very practical reason. His mop-like headdress would be entirely spoiled and pressed out of shape, were he to rest his head on an ordinary stuffed pillow.

This is a Fijian hook cut out of a solid lump of wood, and used to hang food up out of the reach of the swarms of ants that infest the native dwellings.

Another curious looking object has also been obtained from a Fijian house. It is a hook used to hang the food up from the rafters out of the way of the swarms of ants, which infest the native dwellings. It has been cut out of a solid block of wood, and consists of a cylindrical central shaft terminating in eight hooks, which resemble the petals of the water lily slightly upturned. At the opposite end is a projecting dish with a groove in the centre and notches cut round the edge. It is pierced to receive a loop of plaited sinnet cord.

The Nicobars consist of a group of eight large and a dozen or so small islands in the Bay of Bengal. Some of these islands are distinctly minute in size, and this can the more readily be appreciated when it is stated that the largest of all is only thirty miles in length by fifteen in width. Naturally they are clothed in vegetation, and can even boast a certain amount of trade. The natives have nowadays quieted down into fairly respectable members of the world's society, but formerly they had an evil and thoroughly well-deserved reputation for playing the part of pirates. More than one good ship fell into their merciless grip, the crews being cold bloodily butchered. Matters reached such a pass, indeed, that the Indian Government in 1869 interfered, with the result that the group was annexed, the government being placed under the control of the Superintendant of the Andaman Islands.

The natives are in appearance hideously ugly, short, and squat; in fact, they look pretty well as bad as they are, their ill looks in no wise belying their moral or immoral character. Their habitations are, however, interesting and ingenious, being raised on

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A toddy kettle made out of a cocoanut and a piece of bamboo, and used by the Nicobar natives for "fari" or toddy.

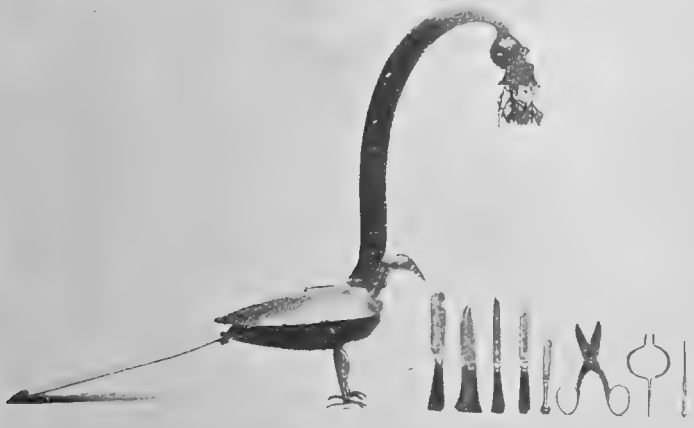
piles about 10 feet from the ground and entered through a small trap door by means of a ladder which is drawn up at night when the family retires to rest.

The curious kettle from one of these dwellings, which we have selected, is connected with many curious rites and ceremonies as well as with the daily life of this lazy tribe, whose great vice is drunkenness. The kettle is made of a cocoa-nut shell with a thin bamboo spout and it is used for pouring out the filtered *tari* or toddy into the drinking cups.

At the feasts held to drive out the demons, partly by gifts and partly by force, this Toddy Kettle plays a great part; for the priests and the men sit smoking and drinking in silence, while the women walk round with these vessels, filling up the drinking-cups as fast as they are emptied. The exorcism cannot begin until the priests are drunk with toddy.

A footbrush from Nicobar, made of pandamus, and used by natives before entering a dwelling.

Every thrifty housewife will appreciate the footbrush here shown, made of pandamus, from which the pulp has been extracted, leaving a sort of little bass-like whisk. Two or three of these brushes are kept at the door of each hut, and in response to an invitation not to wipe his feet on the mat, but to clean them with the



A Nepalese dove made of metal. It is a cucumber slicer, but it contains inside it all the various implements depicted. The big curved blade is drawn out from under the bird's wing.

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A looking-glass in a red-painted wooden frame from the Niger country.

brush, the visitor squats on the floor round the trap door, and vigorously uses this very practical toilet article, after which he is allowed to enter, and is made welcome, and treated to toddy.

The harmless looking little dove taken from a Nepalese house almost rivals the wooden horse of Ulysses in hidden surprises of an aggressive nature, and is a *multum in parvo*, the compactness and ingenuity of which might excite the envy of any housekeeper. This dove is a cucumber slicer, and is really more to be pitied than the charming "Tit-Willow," for the knives, scissors, tweezers, file, &c., shown in the illustration all come from "her little inside." From under her brass wings is drawn out the elegantly curved steel knife, finished with an additional bird's head with brass and bead pendants, which forms the actual slicer. When at rest it lies over the blue steel tail of the bird.

From India we turn to Africa, and there, in a settlement on the western coast, we find the curious mixture of European and native workmanship here shown, which is highly prized in the Niger country. It consists of a shockingly poor looking-glass in a common red painted wooden frame, which is an article so much coveted by the natives that it forms a medium of barter, and has been thought worthy of this ornamental wooden frame with *cruciform handle.*

A pillow used by the Matabele is more ornamental than that of the Fijians, but at the same time simpler in construction. The carving in the shape of lines, pellets, zigzags, and discs is stained black in relief, showing the natural buff colour of the wood in the incisions.

Spoons are not usually very interesting utensils, but the present specimen is an exception to the general rule. It is carved out of hard brown wood, and the bowl has a ridge down the centre, which makes a double spoon of it. The shank is flat and wide, and on it are carved two negroes carrying in a hammock a man naked like themselves.

Loango is a stretch of country on the West Coast of Southern Africa. It extends northward from the mouth of the Congo, and is inhabited by a rather fine type of negro. Their religious rites, however, are terrible—in fact, to such an extent do they

A Matabele pillow, the carvings being stained black, the natural colour of the wood showing in the incisions.

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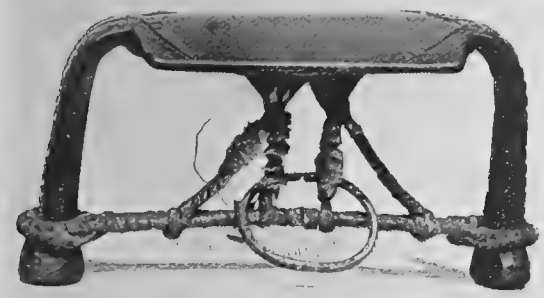
A Loango spoon. Loango is on the West Coast of Africa, near the mouth of the Congo,

carry their religious zeal that for every person who dies a natural death, four perish by what is known as the cassa ordeal. Matrimony is encouraged, and the proud parents of Loango set forth any marriageable daughter they may chance to possess in small cages or bowers erected in front of the parental abode. The loveliness of the dusky maiden is supposed to be much enhanced by having the skin stained a peculiar red colour.



This is an African seat. It is inlaid with brass, and the ring is made of iron. In some parts of Africa such a stool forms the King's throne, and is always carried before him.

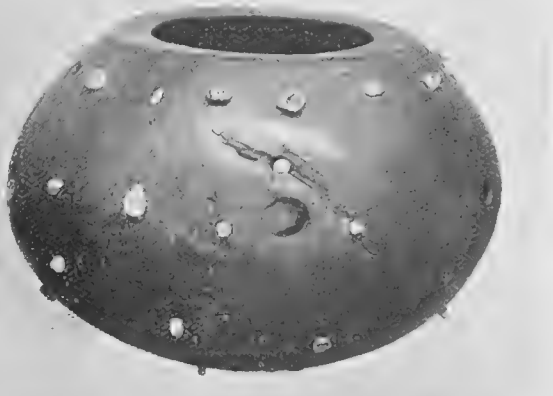
All eating utensils are invested with a horrible interest in a country like Loango, where whoso seeth the King eat or drink is put to death, be he the King's son.

In the case of regular meals this danger is easy to avoid, as the King has a house set aside for the purpose, where his food is laid on a table, he then enters and shuts the door; when he has finished he knocks and comes out.

But should the King, when in State, feel hungry or thirsty and call for food or drink, the cupbearer walks up to the throne, and, turning his back to the monarch, rings a bell. The whole court instantly falls down face to the ground and there remains until the Royal appetite is appeased.

The typical seats used in daily life by many of the tribes of Africa, and, among some few of them, at their curious rites, is depicted in the illustration. The stool is of wood inlaid with square pieces of brass; it is strongly made and supported by several cross-bars and an iron ring. In many tribes of Western Africa a similar stool to this one forms the King's throne, and is borne before him in state processions, the greatest attention and reverence being paid to it; on such occasions the seat of the stool is covered with red cloth.

The famous King Kamehamaha of the Sandwich Isles was the owner of the spittoon here represented. It is connected with some curious superstitions and customs



A spittoon once belonging to the King of the Sandwich Islands. The bowl is of wood, studded with human teeth—those, in fact, of enemies slain in battle.

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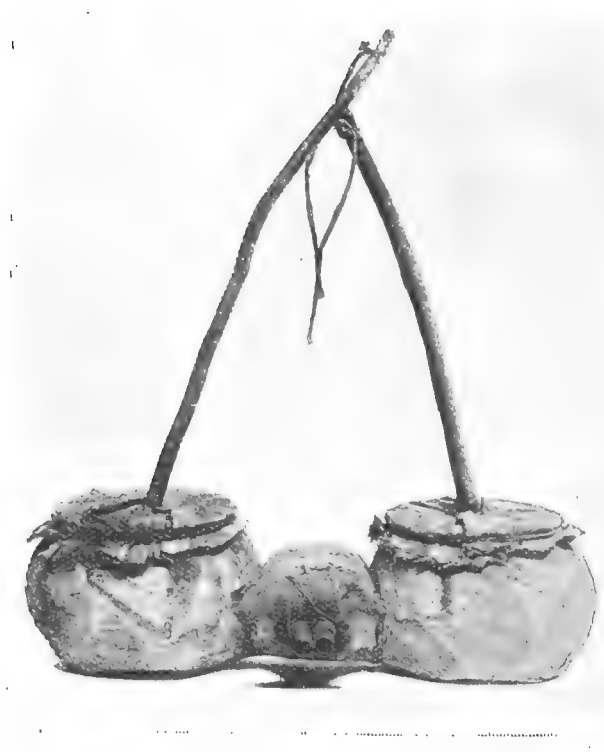

A pair of West African bellows. The body is made from solid wood. The blast of air is caused by lifting and depressing the loose skins at the top of the wooden globes.

of the natives. The bowl is made of wood studded with human teeth; those, in fact, of the King's enemies slain in battle. The use to which he puts this curious bowl is symbolical of the scorn he felt for his enemies. To prevent any exorcism or incantation, a trusty attendant daily cleansed the spittoon in the sea, while the King had the constant satisfaction of reviling the memory of his foes, and of heaping insults upon them.

The Africans have many ingenious ways of making fire, and even have primitive bellows which they use for household purposes and also for forging their numerous assegais and weapons. The specimen here reproduced is from Western Africa, the body is hollowed out of a solid block of wood somewhat in the form of a rough pair of goggles—with two globular wind-reservoirs connected by an arched body in which are set the two iron nozzles.

The globes are loosely covered across the top with skin strongly secured by thongs in the same way as the thrifty housewife covers her jam-pots with parchment paper. In the centre of each skin cover is a staff or handle by means of which these ingenious but primitive bellows are worked. In Kaffir Land, the native blacksmiths use a similar contrivance with two long buffalo horns as nozzles.

In conclusion, we find a fire-basket used by the beauties of Cashmere, when the cold season comes on, to warm themselves. This particular specimen is made of wicker work highly ornamented with strips of talc and little pendant rings; there are handles to it, and a strong wicker ring for hanging it up, for the belles of Cashmere carry these fire-baskets about with them wherever they go. A red earthenware bowl lines the inside.

A fire basket from Cashmere. It is made of wicker-work, with a red earthenware bowl inside to contain the fire. Cashmere women always carry their baskets with them in cold weather.

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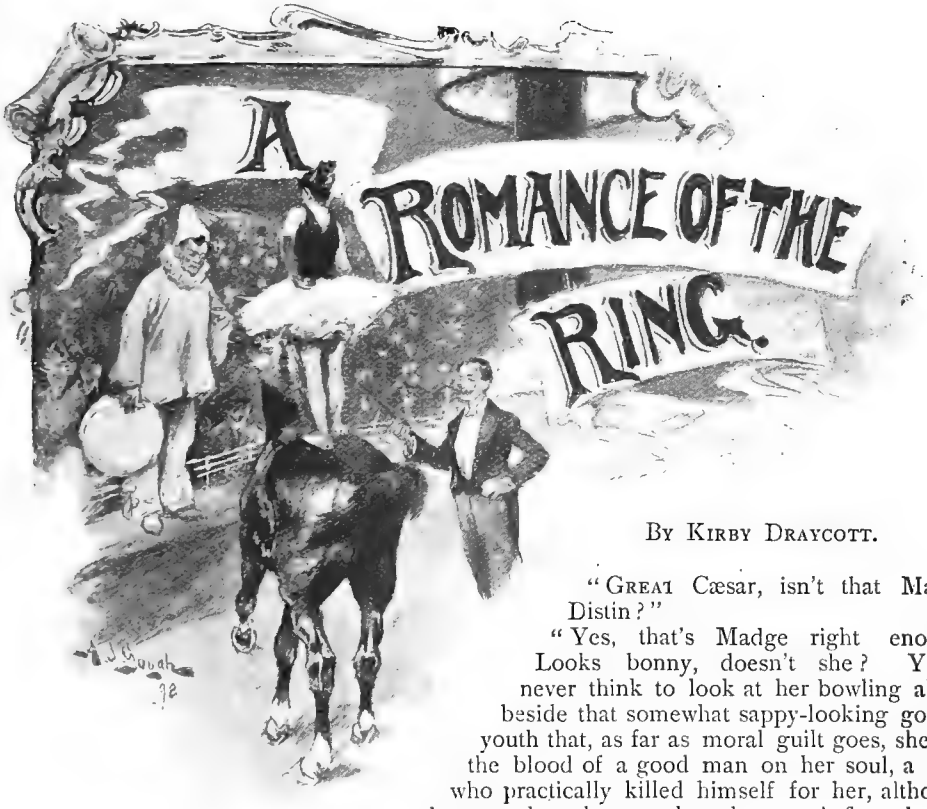

By Kirby Draycott.

"Great Cæsar, isn't that Madge Distin?"

"Yes, that's Madge right enough. Looks bonny, doesn't she? You'd never think to look at her bowling along beside that somewhat sappy-looking golden youth that, as far as moral guilt goes, she has the blood of a good man on her soul, a man who practically killed himself for her, although he must have known that she wasn't fit to be his slave, much less his wife."

Tom Ellison and I were leaning over the rails in the park one afternoon last season when these words were spoken. It was I who had asked the first question, and the cause of it was a dusky-haired, big-eyed beauty who had just driven past us in a smart Victoria, sitting beside a very young man who pretty closely corresponded with Tom's description of him.

Tom had just come back a day or two before from a two years' stay on the Continent. He had knocked himself up reading for his M.D. at London, and just lasted until he saw his name well up in the Honours List, and then he collapsed, and was sent abroad with strict orders to do no work for at least two years. Now he had come back thoroughly set up, strong and brown, and ready to fulfil the promise of his academic career.

It seemed rather curious that on our first day together we should have seen the woman we had both gone half mad over two and a half years before, and who would certainly have caused a breach in our almost life-long friendship had it not been that she was so manifestly indifferent to both of us that it was impossible for us to quarrel about her.

Tom's strong language, strongly spoken, and with a fierce glint in his eyes that told of some tragedy which he would have no objection to avenge should the opportunity come, naturally roused my curiosity. They were spoken of a woman for whose sake I had once been perfectly prepared to make an utter fool of myself if she had allowed me, but who the man referred to was I had not the most remote idea, so I said:

"That's pretty strong language, old man. What has Madge been doing that one of her old sweethearts should talk so tragically about her?"

I spoke in a half bantering tone, for, after all, I didn't know how much of the accusation implied might have been due to disgust at the complete failure of his own suit. But as Tom answered me his face darkened, and his brows came together with a frown which told me even more plainly than his words that something which was no joking matter lay behind.

"Madge has been doing just about everything that a beautiful and absolutely

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unscrupulous woman can do when she gets a fair chance. I meant to tell you the story this evening, whether we had met her or not, because it concerns someone else as well as her, someone that we know a great deal better than we have the misfortune of knowing La Distin."

"Well, now you have made me more curious than ever, so you had better tell me right away, and not keep me on tenterhooks till evening. Who is the other? A man, of course?"

"Yes, it naturally would be a man if Madge was the heroine of the story, as of course she is. Let us take a turn up towards the gardens across the grass, and I'll tell you as we go."

We got out of the crowd fringing the Row, and turned our steps towards the south side of the Serpentine. We had been walking for five or ten minutes in a silence which I did not care to break, despite my curiosity, when Tom looked up, and said abruptly:

"You remember Stuart Gilray, of course?"

"Good heaven, yes! You don't mean to say that he has anything to do with it?"

"He had, poor fellow," replied Tom mournfully, looking down at the grass and knitting his brows again. "It was about him that I was going to tell you to-night."

"Well, go ahead," I said, "for now you have raised my curiosity to fever point. I'm not the only one who has been wondering for the last couple of years what became of him when he disappeared so suddenly from London. Now that I come to think of it, it never struck me before that he disappeared at the same time that Madge Distin left Hengler's on that Continental engagement which gave us all the blues."

"Yes, that was it," said Tom. "They left about the same time simply because they went away together."

"Ah! I always thought that Stuart was destined to be the favoured one amongst us."

"Favoured!" said Tom, with a laugh that had a good deal of a snarl in it. "Favoured! Cursed would be a lot better word. However, I had better begin at the beginning before I get mixed.

"It's a bit over a year ago—when I was in Brussels. I was standing in the Boulevard Anspach, looking into the window of a photograph shop. The chief feature of the window was Madge Distin. She was there in pretty nearly every conceivable posture and degree of dress and undress, from a walking costume to tights and muslin.

Tom Ellison and I were leaning over the rails in the park.

"Well, I was duly admiring her, and thinking about old times, when someone touched me on the shoulder, and a voice, which sounded half strange and half familiar, said: 'Good afternoon, Ellison. Are you still worshipping at the same shrine?' I turned round, and there was what remained of poor Stuart Gilray. You never saw such a wreck as the poor fellow looked, although he was well, if a trifle queerly, dressed, and seemed in pretty comfortable circumstances as far as coin was concerned.

"He looked about half the weight he did when I'd seen him last in England. He had shaved off that celebrated golden moustache which the women here used to admire so much, and his face was pale and drawn, just as though he was fresh from a sick bed that had very nearly been a death bed. His skin, too, had that curious unhealthy look which you see in actors, and, in fact, anybody who has to paint and make himself up.

"Well, we shook hands, and I said, 'Yes,

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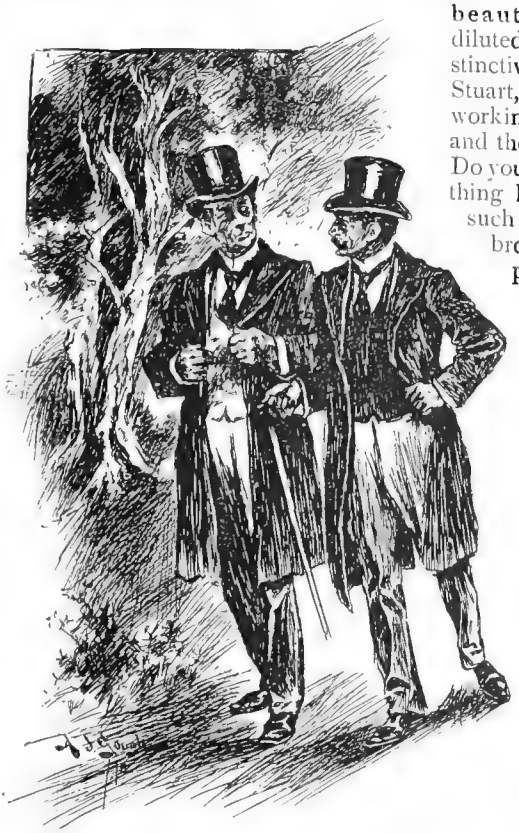
she seems as divine as ever. What's she doing over here? But stop, what is more important than that, what are *you* doing over here?' The poor fellow looked at the photographs and then at me, and said: 'I'm here because she's here. I've been knocking about the Continent with her for the last eighteen months, pretty nearly. You know we're——' 'Not married, surely?' I said. 'Yes,' he said with a smile and a sigh, that said very little for the luck he'd had in matrimony.

"'You know I was absolutely mad about her in England, madder than the rest of you, though you were all pretty bad. I gave up everything to follow her abroad, and she led me on and on till at last I lost my head and married her. You needn't ask me how it turned out—you can see for yourself—when I tell you that she ran through my money in less than nine months, and that now I hold the hoops for her to jump through in the ring. Pretty miserable sort of comedown, isn't it?'

"At first I could hardly believe my ears. You know Gilray was about the best man of his year; he held both the Edinburgh and London qualifications, he had £5000 to start a practice on, and he died a clown in a circus."



We turned our steps towards the south side of the Serpentine.

"Surely," I said, "you are drawing it a little tight now, aren't you? Gilray a clown! Why you might as well tell me he was a shoeblack."

"Nevertheless it is perfectly true, I am sorry to say," replied Tom, so seriously that I was forced to believe him. "She was his fate and his madness. She took his name and disgraced it; she took his money and wasted it, and when he gave her his life as well, she almost laughed at him.

"We went into a café, and over a bottle of wine he told me the miserable story from the beginning as far as it had gone—that is to say, as far as you know it now. That night I went to the circus with him and was re-introduced to Madge. She received me just the same as she always did when we knew her in London, talked just as familiarly, and a trifle more freely, without seeming even to notice that her husband was within earshot.

"I needn't say that I was disgusted, and that my admiration for her mere physical beauty was considerably diluted by a sudden and instinctive dislike. As for poor Stuart, I could see his face working under the white chalk and the red and black paint. Do you know, there was something horrible in the sight—such a contrast between the broad grin that was painted on his face, and the miserable pleading in the poor fellow's eyes, and the drawing of his lips under the paint.

"She took no more notice of him than she did of any other of the servants of the circus, and stood and chattered with me about the fellows in London until I was positively glad to go away and get to my seat.

"Poor Gilray was on the bills as 'Billy Jacques, the Anglo-French Clown,' and really his performance was a miracle to me. You know he was always an athlete and a perfect mimic; and although he'd lost a lot of flesh, I could see he was still very tough and active. As for his jokes, they were simply free—very free—translations of a large assortment of English chestnuts into Anglo-French; but the Belgians appreciated them, and roared with encouraging regularity.

"I watched him very narrowly, and I saw a good deal that the audience didn't see. I saw that the poor beggar behind his fun was

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miserable enough to break his heart. He kept on looking first towards the curtains which would soon be parted for his wife to come on, and then to one of the boxes marked 'Engaged.' You may depend upon it that I watched the box pretty closely, too, and with an uncomfortable feeling that it was to be occupied by one of the actors in what might, and before long did prove a tragedy.

"A minute or two before Madge was timed to appear I saw Gilray staring into the box with a look of hate that not even his paint could disguise. My eyes instinctively followed his, and I saw a tall, handsome young fellow, in the uniform of a Captain of the Belgian Guards, come to the front, followed by an attendant carrying a large bouquet. He took it and laid it conspicuously on the front of the box, and then settled down with a very obvious look of anticipated pleasure on his face.

"Suddenly the orchestra, after a preliminary flourish, started 'Rule Britannia,' and Madge, in all the glory of her beauty, but partially concealed by a few tea-roses and a yard or two of gold gauze and spangles, rode standing, into the circle on her Russian horse 'Poshol.'

I went to the circus and was introduced to Madge.

"Nothing seemed to daunt Madge on that horse. What other circus riders accomplish on a flat, chalked platform, fixed on the broad back of an ambling Flemish mare, Madge could do, and a good deal more, on the chalked back of 'Poshol.'

"With Madge there was no coquetting with her hoops and banners, no ducking before making up her mind to jump, no shaking of her head at the grooms or ringmen. With her it was touch and go. Her leaps were flights; her fancies were inspirations. The horse that carried her round, beautiful as he was, with his tail and mane groomed to flowing silk, was lost sight of.

"And while she revelled in the incense that went up to her from a thousand lips and eyes, poor Gilray grovelled in his torture under the zinc-white to which he had descended just to be near his own Madge—to stand, as it were, between her and danger.

The young captain never took his eyes off Madge. He was not the only one, for her beauty and the novelty of her style seemed absolutely to hypnotise the spectators. But there was a kind of deadly fascination coming from the Captain's side to which all the exhibitions of Madge's charms and talents seemed a response.

"Poor 'Billy Jacques!' He stood on the bank to intercept his view; he threw up paper-covered hoops to distract the man's attention, but his labour was all in vain, and, indeed, it was owing to this special detective duty that he imposed upon himself that he found himself on the wrong side of the ring when an attendant handed a magnificent bouquet to the ring-master, who took it with a low bow and gave it to Madge. She just smiled and nodded towards the box and then I noticed—for I was close by—the sudden capture of a card in the bouquet. The next instant it had vanished into the delta of her corsage.

"I detected the triumphant smile; the rush of 'Billy Jacques' to intercept he knew not what; and the grim look which wrinkled his paint as he saw the bouquet pressed to her lips.

"Madge's act was followed by a water-pantomime which Gilray had advised me to stop and see. When it was over I left and found him dressed and waiting for me at the door. I was considerably surprised, after

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Nothing seemed to daunt Madge on that horse.

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what I had seen, to find him looking quite happy.

"'Had a deuce of a row just after Madge came out of the ring,' he said, as he walked by my side. 'But it's all made up between us. She swore on her mother's grave—she never breaks that oath—that she would go home and wait till I came in.'

"'Does Mrs. Gilray know you are with me?' I asked.

"'Why, certainly; and I told her we should only have a bock and a cigar, for auld lang syne; so I know you won't keep me.'

"We went up to the corner to Durand's, and as the night was chilly we went inside and I ordered a couple of bocks.

"Nothing could have been more amusing than Gilray's stories about his new career, and he was in the midst of relating his first experiences in the ring, when his face changed, and a vindictive frown came over his eyes. Three men had just come in. They were the Captain of Guards and two friends. They were all laughing gaily as they sat down within two tables of where we were sitting.

The Captain, who had a splendid tea-rose in his coat, continuing the conversation, said:

"'On my word of honour, she gave it to me herself after her jackass of a husband left her in peace.'

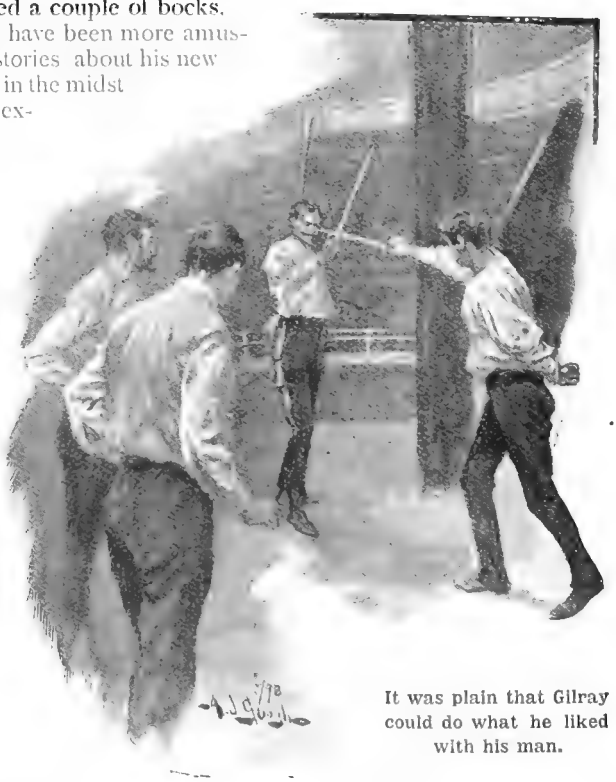
"And then he whispered some words which sent another rippling laugh around.

"Gilray had listened and heard all. White, almost as he had been in his paint, but hollow-eyed, and his lips drawn, he rose, and turning, went deliberately up to the Captain, and in good French said quietly:

"'Sir, I happen to be the jackass in question, and I have the honour to tell you that if you go near my wife again, I'll break every bone in your body.'

"'Rubbish, my good fellow, hold your tongue,' he said with a cool impertinence that made me itch to kick him. Gilray, however, rose to the situation in an instant. A syphon had just been put down on the table by the waiter, and he picked it up and shot its contents over the Captain's gold-laced coat. He got up, green with anger, and made a move to draw his sword.

"Here I interfered, and explained to him that my friend Gilray was a gentleman and quite qualified to give him due satisfaction. and after a bit of a row it was agreed that a meeting should take place on the following morning.



It was plain that Gilray could do what he liked with his man.

"The Captain, who was every whit as angry as Gilray, insisted that the affair might be arranged without delay in his own *salle d'armes*, but Gilray, with a sudden inspiration, remembered that as *sous-regisseur*, or assistant stage manager, he had a key to the circus, and so he proposed that they should go and have it out there as soon as the rapiers could be fetched.

"When we had groped our way into the dark circus—which looked pretty eerie, I can tell you, going into it under such circumstances—Gilray lit the ring of lights round the centre pole, and while he was doing this the Captain's second whispered to me:

"'If you value your friend's life persuade him to apologise. The Captain is one of the best fencers in Brussels.'

"'Under the circumstances,' I replied a bit shortly, 'I think I would rather see him killed.'

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"Well, they set to. Neither the Belgian nor his second knew that he was tackling one of the finest fencers in England, and they forgot to allow for what they were fighting about. They hadn't been at it three minutes before it was perfectly plain that Gilray could do what he liked with his man.

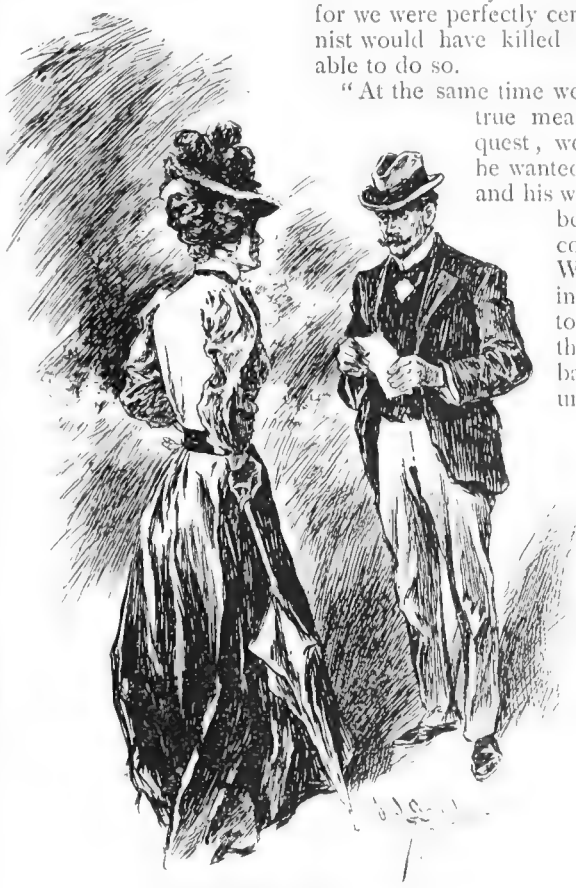
"I shall never forget the expression of his face as he played with him until the poor Belgian grew white and then almost green with funk. The Captain, I could see, knew that the fight could only have one end, and his eyes began to start out of his head as he watched the white set face and the glinting eyes that kept moving round him, and the clicking blue blade which made a moving fence of steel that he could no more cross than he could have jumped the Meuse.

"We held our breath and watched—I for my part in a state of horrible fascination, knowing that Gilray could deliver the fatal stroke when he liked, and wondering when he would do it. At last, with no apparent extra exertion or effort, the point of his rapier slipped under the hilt of the Belgian's, and before we very well knew what had happened, it was sticking a good three inches out of his back.

"His sword dropped from his hand, and he went down like a bullock. As he fell Gilray whipped his rapier out of the body and stuck it in the tan of the ring. Then he said very quietly:

"'Gentlemen, you are witnesses that this man has been killed in fair fight?'

"We all bowed and he went on——



I read the letter and looked at her.

"'If any one of you is married and loves his wife as I love mine you will agree with me that this man deserved his death. If you are willing to oblige me, you will help me to keep this matter from the knowledge of the authorities until this time to-morrow night.'

"There was no reason why this should not be done. A duel in Belgium is a socially, if not legally, recognised method of settling a serious quarrel. That this one had ended fatally was a misfortune, but none of us believed that any blame attached to Gilray, for we were perfectly certain that his antagonist would have killed him if he had been able to do so.

"At the same time we had no idea of the true meaning of Gilray's request, we simply thought that he wanted time to get himself and his wife out of the country before the authorities could be at their heels. We got the body away in a cab. The doctor told the cabman that the soldier had been badly wounded and was unconscious from loss of blood. We took him to his second's rooms and left him there in charge of his friend and the doctor, just as though he required to be nursed.

"The next day, to my astonishment, Gilray told me that he and his wife were going to perform at the circus as usual, and particularly begged me to be present. I went, and you can imagine my feelings when I sat amongst the audience round the brilliantly-lighted ring, full of life and colour, and thought of the scene that had been enacted by the light of a few gas jets a little more than twelve hours before.

"Madge apparently had heard nothing of the tragedy, or if she knew of it she certainly cared very little about it, for she went through the first part of her performance with even more brilliancy and dash than she had done

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the night before. In the last of her acts she had to take a flying leap through a hoop covered with tissue paper, and this was held above her horse by Gilray, swinging by his knees from a trapeze that hung down from the roof.

"As her horse came round I saw her stiffen her muscles for the leap. Her body sprang up from the horse's haunches, passed like a flash through the paper, and then she dropped on her feet on the animal's back again.

"A roar of applause burst out, and then suddenly stopped. The moment she had landed safely on her horse's back again Gilray's legs straightened out, and his body dropped like a stone from the trapeze nearly twenty feet to the earth. He fell square on his head. I heard the thud as he struck the ground, and saw his head double up between his shoulders. Then I fainted. When I came to myself they told me that he had broken his neck.

"I saw Madge the next day. I met her just coming out of her house. I greeted her, as you may imagine, pretty coldly, and then I told her plainly what had happened."

"Well, and what did she say?" I asked.

"She just shrugged her pretty shoulders and said it was a pity that men should make such fools of themselves. Then she showed me a letter from poor Gilray's solicitors which had come to hand that morning, and told him that his father had died without leaving a will, and that he was, therefore, heir-at-law to his estates in Yorkshire, and over a hundred thousand pounds in stocks.

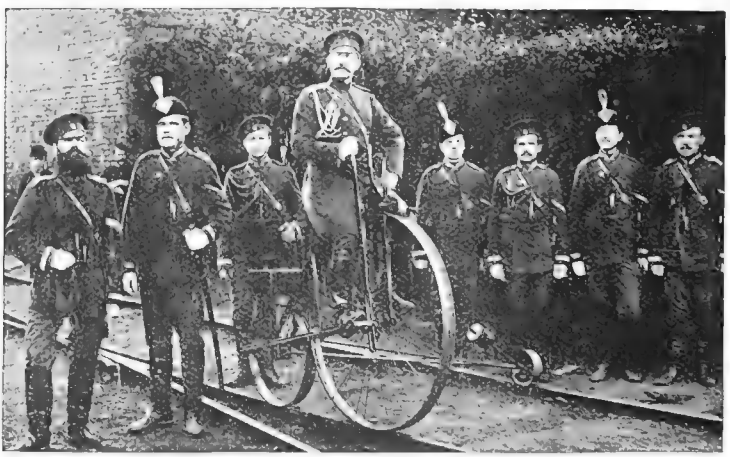
"I read the letter and looked at her. She looked back at me without a sign of flinching, and said:

"'You see, poor Stuart was just a bit too previous with his jealousy. If he had waited till to-day things would have looked a bit different. As it is, I'm his widow. I shall cut the circus business now, and the next time you hear of me I expect it will be as Lady Somebody-or-other. Good morning.'

"That was enough for me, so I came away. I suppose that fellow we saw her driving with just now will be the Lord Somebody-or-other."

An Outrider of the Czar.

In all countries, even in England, travelling on the part of the monarch necessitates especial precautions against anything in the form of an accident. In Russia the meaning of such a term has a wide significance, for an accident that is no accident might, unless every care were taken, bring about a frightful disaster, involving the death of the Czar. Our illustration shows an outrider mounted on a curious railway bicycle, who always precedes the Imperial train. Mounted on such a machine, he is, of course, more easily able to detect anything suspicious than if he were on an ordinary pilot engine.



From a Photo.

A gendarme who always precedes the Russian Imperial train.

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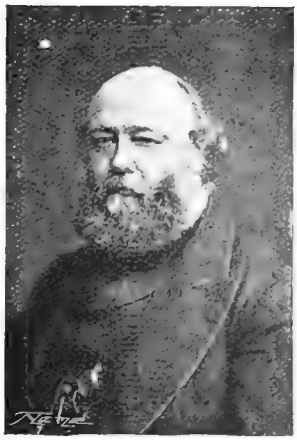
SOME PEOPLE AND THEIR PARENTS

His Father.



The Marquis of Salisbury.

His Mother.

His Father.

The Emperor of Austria.

His Mother.

Google

His Father.

C. Arthur Pearson.

His Mother.

Her Father.

Miss Evelyn Millard.

Her Mother.

His Father.

Dr. W. G. Grace.

His Mother.

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His Father.

Duke of Fife.

His Mother.

His Father.

George Alexander.

His Mother.

His Father.

Harry Furniss.

His Mother.

Illustrations from photos by F. Augerer, Mahlkerecht, Carl Peitzner, Midwinter and Co., Russell and Sons, Alfred Ellis, the Misses Carrick, J. C. Dinham, H. W. Busbridge, See and Epler, E. Hawkins, London Stereoscopic Company, Langfier, R. W. Thomas.

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Photo by W. & A. H. Fry, Brighton.

All that remained of Brighton Chain Pier on the morning of December 5th, 1896, after the great storm of the previous night.

AFTER THE ACCIDENT: THE RISKS WE RUN.

By Jeffery Denison.

No. II.

There is probably no risk which we run so great as that of being involved in a railway catastrophe, and yet, considering the vast number of people who travel annually upon the railroads of the world, the loss of life is so infinitesimal as to be little less than miraculous. For it is a well-known fact that in this country, at any rate, fewer fatalities, in proportion to the number of travellers, occur each year upon our railroads than was the case in the days of the old coaches.

Consequently far greater sensation is caused now by a railway disaster in which six people are killed, than was caused years ago by a dozen deaths in connection with coach travelling.

One of the worst railway disasters which have occurred in this kingdom within the past eighteen months, was the wreck of a passenger train on the Cambrian Railway Company's line near Welshampton. The disaster took place on June 11th, 1897, and no fewer than nine persons were killed, whilst the roll of the wounded was very great.

Many of the carriages were telescoped, even after turning on their sides, and the work of rescuing the wounded and recovering the bodies of the dead was most difficult.

Photo by J. Maclardy, Oswestry.

The train wrecked near Oswestry on June 11th, 1897. It contained 300 members of a Sunday school out on their annual excursion, and of these nine were killed and many injured.

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Photo by W. & A. H. Fry, Brighton.
This photograph shows the damage wrought to the West Pier at Brighton by the wreckage of the Chain Pier being hurled against it during the great storm of December 4th, 1896.

From a Photo.
These engines were travelling at a terrific rate when they collided, and the lighter of the two leapt upon the other engine.

On this page is to be seen a truly extraordinary photograph of a peculiar accident that occurred on the Northern Division of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, near Worcester, Massachusetts, on February 2nd of this year. A heavy freight locomotive with a snow-plough was travelling at a high rate of speed along the line when the driver suddenly saw a milk train coming round a curve in an opposite direction, but on the same line. The train was also travelling at a very high speed, and, of course, there was no time to avert a collision. The engines collided with an awful crash, and the heavier locomotive fairly ploughed under the lighter engine, which jumped the rails, and crashed on to the top of the heavy engine.

Our photographs show the locomotives in the position which they occupied after the collision, certainly one of the most remarkable effects in the annals of railway disasters. The accident was caused by a telegraph operator going to sleep at his post, and allowing the snow-plough to pass his station when he should have detained it.

Remarkable to relate, there were no deaths or serious injuries as the result of the collision. Just previous to the accident, five men, who were in the snow plough, discovered that the knob was off the door, and they were fastened in. They finally

Photo by G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.
A schooner which was driven upon the coast of Kincardineshire during a heavy storm six years ago.

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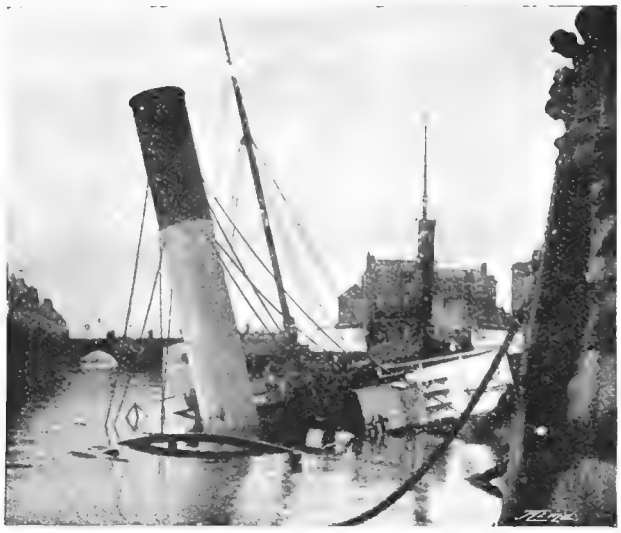

Photo by F. W. Sutcliffe.

The paddle-box of this steam tug caught the stonework of the quay, and, the vessel being unable to rise with the tide, was swamped.

This wreck took place six years ago.

A curious accident was that which happened to a paddle steam-tug at Whitby some time back. She was moored by the quay-side, but by some means one of her paddle-boxes caught the stonework, and that side of the tug was unable to rise with the tide; consequently the water gradually covered the deck and swamped the lower part of the boat.

In Great Britain storms have, perhaps, been responsible for more damage to property than any other form of disaster. All our readers will remember the great storm which visited the south coast during the first week of December, 1896. It was during this terrible gale that the historic Chain Pier at Brighton was completely destroyed. The pier had had an eventful history. From its first inception in 1821 fortune seems to have contrived to open the door, and it was at this moment that they saw the milk train coming. The whole of the men jumped from the plough into a snow bank, and escaped uninjured.

The fireman of the heavy locomotive was thrown off his cab by the shock, but sustained only a few bruises, and the engineer was also little hurt. The driver of the lighter engine showed the most extraordinary presence of mind. When his engine had leapt upon the other he did not jump off in any frenzy; he remained quietly at his post for a short time, perched high up in the air; then picked up his time card, which had fallen upon the floor, and his snow-glasses, and quietly got down on the track. Not one of the eight men involved in the accident had a bone broken.

The wrecks of large passenger steamers at sea occur at terribly close intervals, and the sights witnessed on board sinking ships are appalling. Few photographs of such accidents have been taken. In the first place eye-witnesses are too much occupied and excited to think of their cameras, and, secondly, these disasters usually occur at night or during the prevalence of thick fogs, rendering photography impossible. Hundreds of wrecks, however, occur on dangerous coasts, and many of these have been photographed. One of our illustrations shows a schooner wrecked upon the coast of Kincardineshire, whither it had been driven by a terrific gale. When our photograph was taken the storm had somewhat subsided, but, as will be seen, the sea was very rough.

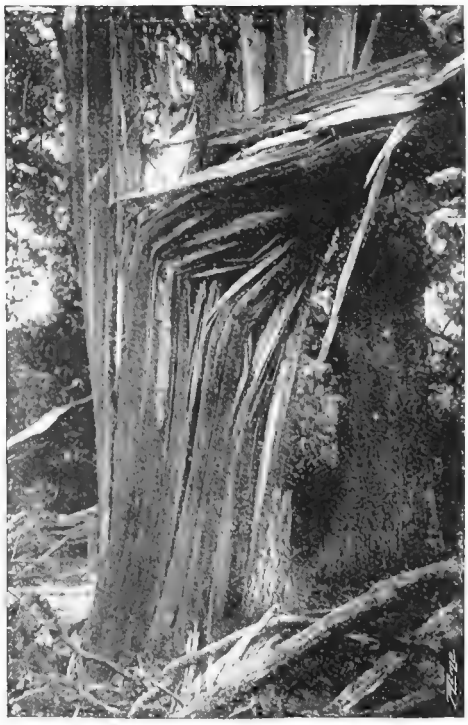

Photo by Frith & Co., Reigate.

A tree that was wrecked by a flash of lightning. It was literally torn to splinters.

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Photo by W. & A. H. Fry, Brighton.

Colour-Sergeant Bath, R.A., showing to Colonel Mackinnon a carbine that had been wrecked by lightning during the great storm at Bisley Camp on July 20th, last year.

been against it; for when, in the following year, the work of constructing the Chain Pier was commenced, and the stages and engines for driving the piles were erected, a tremendous gale swept everything away.

Another start was made, but again the work was ruined by a storm, and, indeed, throughout the whole of the erection, the engineers were seriously hampered, and at times nonplussed, by the havoc which periodical gales wrought upon their work. In 1823 the pier was completed and opened in the presence of a distinguished company. When King George IV. visited Brighton a short time afterwards the pier was gaily illuminated with sixteen thousand variegated lamps.

From time to time storms occurred which did considerable damage to the Chain Pier, but on October 15th, 1833, the third platform was completely destroyed by a flash of lightning, which struck it during a fearful gale, and almost the entire pier was wrecked. Some 40ft. of the iron and woodwork in the middle of the pier were carried away, whilst the towers were thrown out of the perpendicular by the terrific waves, and the portion of the pier joining the shore was bent out of recognition. Of course the structure was repaired, but three years later another fearful hurricane occurred, which again carried away a portion of the pier.

And so it continued down to the final destruction of the pier in 1896; every few years tremendous damage was done by gales and storms. As a local writer has said of the pier: "It was cradled and baptized in storms and in a storm it perished; its only requiem being the howling of the wind and the roaring of the waves."

The storm of 1896 occurred on the night of Friday, December 4th. The pier, which had been considerably weakened by previous storms, was now completely ruined, and, curious to relate, in its "death" it inflicted enormous damage upon the rival West Pier, whose erection had really led to the neglect and wane in popularity of the Chain Pier. The piles of the latter were carried by the waves and dashed against the more modern structure until the whole of the iron-work

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

One of the most remarkable photographs ever taken after a fire. It shows the premises in Queen Victoria Street, London, destroyed in the great fire of 1890. The frost was very severe, and the water froze as it fell on the burning rafters.

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Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

After the great fire in the Minories. Many large buildings were destroyed, and thousands of people were thrown out of employment.

connecting the head of the West Pier with the shore, was a mass of wreckage.

It was lightning, that on more than one occasion wrecked the Chain Pier at Brighton, and lightning has been responsible for a good many accidents. We publish a photograph of a tree that was struck by lightning during the storm of September, 1896. As will be seen, the trunk is a complete ruin, the upper part having been literary torn into shreds. The tree stood in the grounds of Wonham Manor, the seat of the Hon. Mrs. Way.

One of the most curious of our photographs was taken at the Volunteer Camp at Bisley after the great thunderstorm of July 20th, 1897. A tent had been struck by lightning, and a carbine standing in the tent was torn to pieces. Our photograph shows Colour-Sergeant Bath, R.A., reporting the matter to Colonel Mackinnon. The astonishment upon the face of the gallant Colonel, as he looks at the ruined carbine, is very marked. Curiously enough, the barrel was little injured, although there were some signs of fusing at the muzzle.

One of the most remarkable photographs taken after a fire is that which we publish showing the effects of the severe frost of the winter of 1890-1, upon the buildings destroyed in the great Queen Victoria Street fire. On the night of the outbreak the thermometer was many degrees below zero, and despite the terrific heat from the flames, the water from the hose froze on the walls and lamp-posts in the immediate neighbourhood of the burning building; and as soon as the firemen began to gain control of the flames, the water froze on the burning building itself.

Our photograph shows the extraordinary effect of the frost on the interior of the gutted premises, the rafters and poles, which are now covered with icicles, were only a few hours earlier red-hot.

Excepting the Cripplegate fire of last year, one of the most destructive and appalling fires in the City or London, within the last ten years, was that which wrecked a considerable portion of the Minories. A large number of gigantic buildings were completely destroyed, and thousands of people were thrown out of work.

Gas explosions with fatal results and with great destruction of property are

Copyright stereo-photo of Underwood & Underwood.

An extraordinary wreck. The great Johnstown flood uprooted a tree, drove it through the wall of a house, turning the latter upon its side. The appearance after the accident was as shown in our photograph.

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happily very rare. One of the most disastrous explosions of this kind took place three years ago in a court opposite to St. Mary's Church in the Strand. The whole side of a house was blown away, and the amount of destruction caused is very graphically shown in the photo on this page.

We must include in the present article another very striking photograph taken after the awful Johnstown flood, described at some length in last month's ROYAL MAGAZINE. The photograph shows a house and tree, which stood by the side of the railroad track. When the waters came rushing through the valley, the tree was uprooted, dashed through the upper wall of the house, and the building was then turned over on its side, as shown in the illustration, the tree remaining upside down in the opening which it had made in the side of the house.

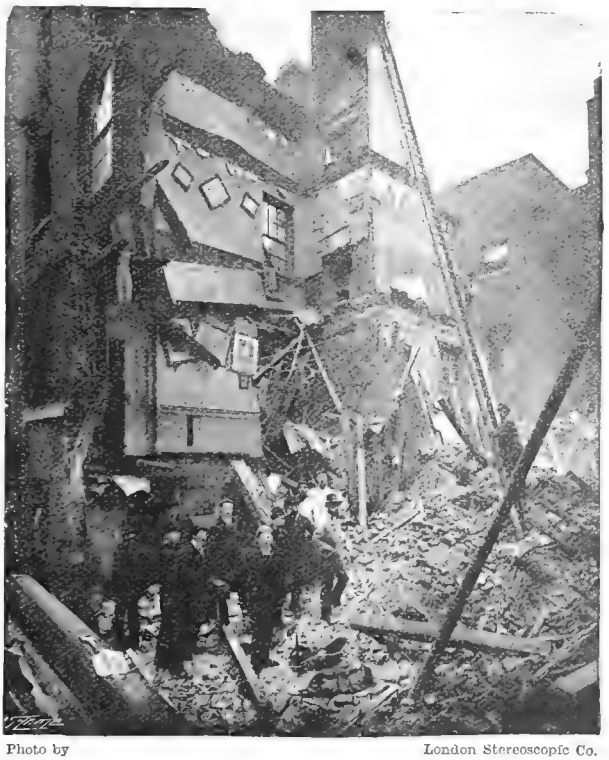

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

These premises were destroyed by a gas explosion. The whole of one side of the house was blown into the street.

This photograph brings to mind a curious fact in connection with the Johnstown disaster. When the vast volume of water rushed through the ill-fated valley, it carried nearly everything before it, smashing into splinters by its terrific impact not only trees and sheds, but large buildings and railway trains. (The *débris* seen in the foreground of our photograph is a ruined train which had been overtaken by the waters from the broken reservoir.) In the whole of the valley after the flood had subsided and a survey came to be taken, it was found that in only two instances had the waters failed to work utter and irretrievable ruin. And here comes the curious coincidence. In both cases the survivors were a tree and a house, united by the force of circumstances. One case is that described above, of which a photograph is given on another page; the other was described and illustrated in our previous article. It will be remembered that in that case a tree was uprooted by the waters, and driven headforemost through the brick wall of a house, finally coming to rest half in and half out of the house. The only difference between that incident and the present one was that in this case the house was turned on its side by the force of the uprooted tree, whilst the other building was sufficiently firm in its foundation to resist the impact of tree and flood.

Such disasters as that which desolate the Johnstown valley are happily all but unknown in the United Kingdom. There are few reservoirs in a position capable of effecting such an appalling loss of life and property even should they burst, and it is a matter of congratulation that where artificial reservoirs have been constructed and dams erected they are so well looked after by those in authority that an accident is all but impossible.

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My Pretty Maid

By A. M. Moore.

"You know, Sylvia, I don't think this new churn is a patch on that American affair we had last year. Just come here and look at this butter."

The speaker stood with her head on one side, and her hands—nice, plump, dimpled hands—on her shapely hips. Her frock of starch-blue linen was slightly turned back at the throat, a frilled kerchief was knotted carelessly across her full bosom, and a large cotton bonnet of dazzling whiteness surmounted her fair golden hair.

She was hot and tired, was this pretty dairymaid; the butter would not come, and the new-fangled churn was certainly not a success. The girl's voice rang sharply under the tiled dome of the dairy ceiling as she again called aloud.

"I do wish you'd come and see if this stupid butter is any good at all. Whatever are you staring at out there?"

In at the dairy door there came a girl, in much the same costume as the speaker, save that her gown was of a tender pink. She was slender and tall, and her short skirt gave an ample view of two slim ankles and small arched feet, which even her rough woollen hose and heavy brown leather shoes could not disguise. A plain belt emphasised the roundness of her tiny waist, and her throat, long and very white, almost put to shame the snowy kerchief which scarcely hid its outlines. Beneath the broad wings of her sun bonnet glowed her eyes of the colour of dew-washed violets. About her brows hung a few dark brown locks, which, as she advanced into the dairy, she thrust into the shadow of her bonnet with a little white hand.

"Well, Sylvia, what do you think of it?" queried the first speaker.

"Not much," was the candid reply. "But let's wash it first, we can tell better then. Fill up the pans, Dolly."

Then, the girls, with their sleeves rolled up their arms, fell to washing the new-made butter. Great pans clinked against the polished metal taps, as the water, clear and cold as ice, gushed into them. The butter glowed a pale yellow between the white fingers of the girls, and their thick shoes clicked as they ran to and fro over the pavement of variegated marbles.

On the shady side of the dairy, the lattice windows of coloured glass set in a quaint design were wide open. Through them came little puffs of pine-scented warm air and glimpses of a brilliant blue sky.

"Who ever can be out with a gun on such a blazing day as this?" presently said Dolly, as a sharp report rang through the surrounding woods.

"I don't know, I'm sure. The Hall is shut till Christmas, and Lord Raymont isn't coming to the Grange till October," answered the taller of the two, busily setting aside some large pans of skim milk. "It may be a keeper, though, clearing off some of the rabbits. There are simply thousands of them about here. When you called me just now, Dolly, I was watching them play in the sunshine. They were so funny—and so bold. They came nearly up to my feet, and then when they heard your voice they turned up their little white scuts and fled like a flash."

Dolly laughed as she set to work to clean the churn.

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"What a queer girl you are, Sylvia. I believe you really like the country, and the animals, and trees, and everlasting dulness."

"Like it!" replied Sylvia, her smooth cheeks flushing and her great, violet eyes melting into rapture. "I positively love it. The sweet, pure air, always filled with the song of birds, the new-born flowers, lifting their dear faces to the sun, the trees that whisper and laugh, sigh and weep, are all perfect in my eyes."

"I believe you would be content to live and die between the Chase and this dairy. Have some cream, Sylvia?" and she broke off to fetch a skimmer. "While I—I hate the country. I'm sick of the moaning of those pine woods, I hate the smell of flowers—growing ones I mean; and if it weren't for the cream, I shouldn't care if I never set foot in this dairy again. There, Sylvia, you must acknowledge I've done that well. Now let's have our luncheon."

From a shady corner, where a tiny fountain tinkled into a majolica basin, Dolly fetched a big dish of blackberries, which made a dash of rich colour amid the delicate tints of the tiled walls and milk-filled pans of the dairy. The cream, which half filled a sparkling bowl of fine-cut glass, some biscuits, and the luscious fruit made an ideal meal for the two girls.

"No one would ever think we were sisters—and twins into the bargain," said Dolly, putting a huge blackberry and a mountain of cream into her mouth. "We are awfully different. You are the beauty—what's the good of shaking your head, Sylvia?—and yet you'd be content to remain mewed up here all the days of your life. Now I, who am only passable when I'm well dressed, positively pine for a town life; I want to go to theatres, and hear music, not birds, but real proper music, on a band, you know; and I should like smart gowns, of satin, and fur, and lace, like those Lady Alicia Dering wears in church on Sunday. I ——"

"I beg your pardon, but could you oblige me with a glass of milk?"

The two milkmaids started to their feet. A man, young and dark, was looking through one of the open lattices. A coat of brown corduroy, with pieces of leather stitched across the shoulders, and the bright barrel of a gun

"No one would think we were sisters."

Google

proclaimed him as being the sportsman the girls had heard a short while back.

"It's such hot work shooting," he said, "that really I should be obliged if ——"

But Sylvia had already turned to where some glasses stood on a shelf and the young man stopped to follow her graceful figure. In another moment she had handed him a brimming tumbler through the window, and returned again to her sister's side. Slowly and with many glances beneath the brim of his soft felt hat at the charming picture before him, he swallowed the creamy, sweet milk. Then he gravely set the glass on the window ledge, slightly raised his hat and turned away.

"I wonder who he is," said Sylvia, as their visitor's footsteps died away.

"A gamekeeper, of course!" answered Dolly settling down again to her blackberries and cream. "I heard Papa say the other evening that a lot of new men have been taken on by Lord Raymont. All the same I'm not sure he's any business shooting just here."

"But he wasn't shooting," argued Sylvia. "He evidently caught sight of the dairy and thought he'd ask for a—Oh! Dolly, he's paid for it!"

And Sylvia with horrified eyes gazed at a threepenny piece which lay on the window ledge alongside the empty tumbler.

"Did he take us for real milkmaids?" she went on in a distressed voice.

"What does it matter if he did?" answered practical Dolly. "As if it mattered what a common gamekeeper thought of us. If we do choose to dress up in sunbonnets and short petticoats it's only our own affair. It passes the time down in this dull place, and besides Mama always says that being among cream and milk is good for the complexion."

A quarter of an hour later the two girls started across the great park which surrounded Beauley Chase, their home. But at the edge of the little clearing where the dairy stood Sylvia protested she had forgotten something and went back. With as guilty an air as though the milk pan could see or the fountain talk, she slipped that offending silver coin into the pocket of her cotton gown, then ran to rejoin her sister.

As for the gamekeeper his shooting that afternoon was a little disturbed by the vision of dairymaids eating blackberries and cream off plates of old Worcester china, and by a pair of sweet violet eyes under the shade of a white cottage bonnet.

After that, it was strange how often he felt thirsty and how many times he laid a threepenny bit on the window ledge of the model dairy. He noticed it was generally she of the violet eyes who served him, and that she was often there alone, always wearing her cotton gown and rough brown shoes, and with an envious sunbonnet hiding the wealth of soft curls that he felt sure must grow about so sweet a face.

For many weeks few words were exchanged between them. Sylvia Beauley, the daughter of a hundred earls, was scarcely likely to encourage conversation with a man who might have been her father's servant. And yet she grew into the habit—a bad one, so she told herself—of listening for his footstep among the dying bracken. But one day in late October, when the woods were one blaze of crimson and gold, and the keen air had kissed Sylvia's rose-leaf complexion into a ruddier hue, the young gamekeeper lingered after he had finished his glass of milk.

"I've brought you this—I thought it might be acceptable to you," he said, and he held up and offered her an uncommonly fine hare.

Momentarily the girl drew herself up. The idea of a common gamekeeper offering Lady Sylvia Beauley game off his employer's estate. Then the humour of the situation struck her, and she smiled, bringing to view the most adorable dimple in the world.

"You're very kind, I'm sure," she said sweetly. "What a fine hare ——" And then Sylvia let a tiny spice of malice creep into her speech. "Whose is it?"

The gamekeeper flushed to the roots of his dark hair.

"It's from the Grange Woods."

"That's Lord Raymont's place," said Sylvia, nodding her head. "Does he let his people shoot on their own account?"

"If you mean, does he mind the game being given away sometimes, he doesn't," cried the young man hotly. "But, of course, if you'd rather not have the hare"—and he put out his hand to take it back, rather wondering that a dairymaid—even such a pretty one—should refuse so useful a gift.

"Oh, but I like it—indeed, I do," cried Sylvia, laying her hand in her turn on the hare, and secretly wondering what on earth she should do with the offering.

In the soft downy fur their fingers met. Sylvia, blushing scarlet, and hating herself for so doing, drew back as though she had been stung. He, with a half-amused smile lurking in the corners of his handsome mouth, muttered a hurried "Good morning!" and left her

Google

From that time forth Sylvia knew but little happiness. Every fibre of her being rebelled against the dictates of her heart, which daily grew stronger.

For over a month she did not go near the dairy. It was not until the Countess, who had strong ideas on the bringing up of her daughters, found that Sylvia was neglecting this branch of her education, that the girl returned reluctantly to the milk pans and churn.

Sylvia hated herself for her falseness to her birth and lineage, she hated—sometimes—the man who had power to set her heart leaping and her cheeks aflame. And yet the day that did not bring his step to the little clearing in the wood and his face to the dairy window was a blank one in her life.

* * *

At the third Drawing Room of the season Lord Raymont, in all the splendid panoply of his Guards' uniform, was early on duty at the Palace. Outside, the Mall and its approaches were blocked with carriages and thronged with sightseers.

Inside, the Royal residence, ordinarily so gloomy and silent, was alive with Royal pages, gentlemen-at-arms and scores of uniformed officials. Up the State staircase and along the corridor moved a glowing panorama of exquisitely apparelled women. The various reception-rooms filled up rapidly, and the officers stationed at the barriers were busy among the anxious matrons and nervous *débutantes*.

"Ah! the *entrée* people are nearly through," cried Lord Raymont at half-past three to his companion, who with him was guarding the crimson and gold barriers of the first waiting-room.

"What do you think of them?" said his friend, jerking his head towards the roomful of jewelled and feathered women.

Lord Raymont shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't see any new beauty among this set; Lady de Vere looks as handsome as ever, but there's not a girl really worth looking at."

"And so 'My Pretty Maid' of the song has turned into a great lady!"

"I hear Lady Beauley's twin daughters are handsome; one is quite lovely, they say. By-the-bye, aren't they neighbours of yours in Blankshire?"

"I believe so; but I have been living down there so very quietly this last autumn and winter that, beyond meeting Lady Beauley at a dinner or two, I know nothing of her, though she did ask me to call."

"And didn't you? The girls are heiresses, you know."

"No, I never went. I was too busy."

"But just now you said you'd been awfully quiet."

"Yes, I know. I——I say, Bellairs, who's that girl over there? The tall one, standing by the second window. What hair and eyes."

"And what a skin," cried Bellairs. "It makes everyone about her look yellow; it's as white as milk."

Lord Raymont started. That expression, as well as the girl's eyes, brought back to him the picture of a lattice window and a face enframed in a sunbonnet.

The tide of silk and lace, of snowy shoul-

Google

ders and feathered heads were sweeping past him. In another moment this lovely girl, so like and yet so unlike that other, would be within touch of his hand.

A second later and the press of the eager women drove the girl against his arm. She was so near to him that he could see the fine grain of her flawless skin, the delicate rippling curls clustering lovingly round her pink-tipped ears, the glint of deepest violet through her lowered lashes.

"I beg your pardon," he said in a low tone, trying to draw back a little from her, lest in the crush the tender beauty of her arms should be bruised against his accoutrements.

With a smothered cry, the girl raised her eyes to his. As a look of astonished recognition flashed across his face, a deep blush stained her fair skin from brow to throat. Then, before he could speak, she had passed on, whiter, sweeter than all the snowy flock among whom she moved with such queenly grace.

Lord Raymont was brought back to earth and the knowledge of his whereabouts by a voice he knew.

"Ah! Lord Raymont, delighted to see that you, too, have torn yourself away from the joys of the country. Now, I do hope you're going to make time to call on us. I want to introduce my two girls. It's their first season, you know."

"Delighted, I'm sure!"

Lord Raymont bowed absently to his country neighbour, the Countess of Beauley. Girls in general were of no interest to him. He would only dream of—live for—one.

"There's nothing like a good beginning," chattered on her lively ladyship. "Come in to tea after it's all over. I've several 'trains' coming."

As she joined the throng before her, Raymont vaguely decided that he would go to Lady Beauley's 'train' tea. He had at least a score of such invitations, and he felt he must show up somewhere. Why not there as well as anywhere else?

To get into mufti after the Drawing Room did not take long, and it was not yet six o'clock when he mounted the wide white staircase of the Beauley's town house.

"So glad you've come!" cried his hostess. Dorothea! Sylvia—this is our neighbour at the Chase. Lord Raymont—my daughters."

In all the gay throng of lovely women and well groomed men, Raymont saw only one figure. Above the crash of the Hungarian music and the babel of voices he heard only one low tone.

Beneath the waving palms, among the banked-up flowers, stood the girl he had dreamed about for months, the dear one he had longed for and feared never to attain. She was there before him, smiling, blushing, shy, and a thousand times more beautiful than he had ever conceived.

"And so 'My pretty Maid' of the song has turned into a great lady! Why did you never tell me?" he said presently.

"'Nobody asked me, Sir! she said,'" quoted Lady Sylvia. "Are you very disappointed at the transformation, Lord Raymont? You speak regretfully. Is that what you mean?"

He bent his handsome head close to her fair one.

"I will tell you what I mean—one day—soon," he murmured. "But, confess in your turn. Did you really take me for a gamekeeper?"

She blushed again and flicked the long white feathers of her fan to and fro.

"Indeed I did," she said presently; then she added impetuously: "And oh! how I despised—how I hated myself."

"Why did you *hate* yourself?"

"Because—because—" her long lashes veiled her dewy eyes, her mouth quivered as does that of a child who is about to cry. "Oh! please don't ask me."

"Was it—dare I think it was—because you loved me?"

His hand sought hers in the folds of her snowy gown. Her small fingers lay in his palm.

With the faintest shyest smile, she looked into his face while her lips framed the single word "Yes!"

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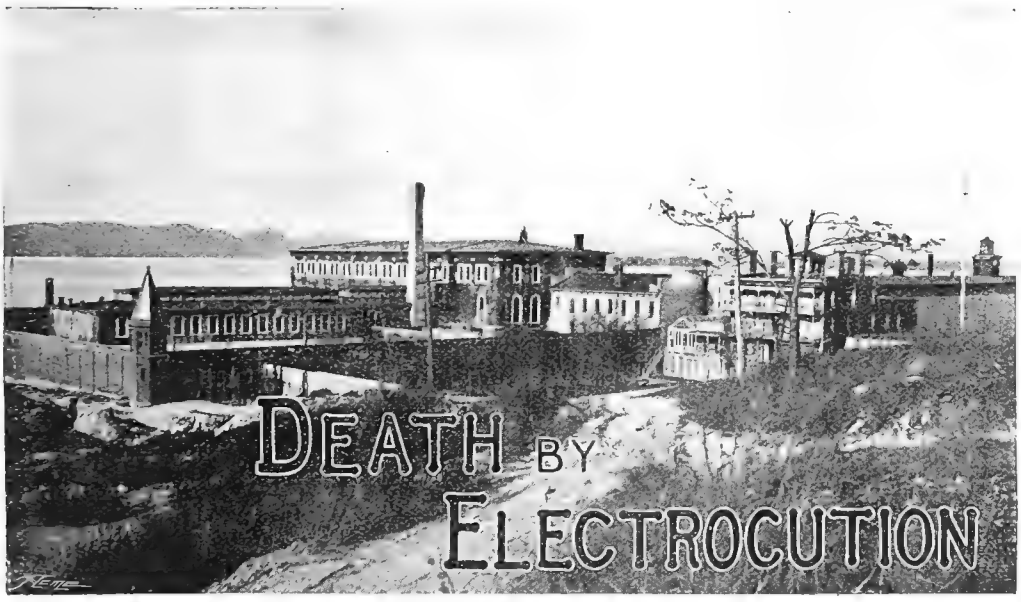

A general view of Sing Sing Prison, the chief prison of New York.

By James S. Metcalfe, M.A. (Yale).

Illustrated by the most remarkable series of photographs ever taken.

In America there is no professional hangman, and the duty devolves upon the sheriff of the county in which the murderer is convicted.

The mistakes of these amateur hangmen, resulting often in the most revolting scenes, convinced the thinking public that hanging was a brutal and unscientific way of inflicting the extreme legal penalty. The Scriptural and civil demand of "a life for a life" was not strongly opposed, but there was a considerable popular sentiment against hanging, because it was inexact and uncertain. This belief paved the way for the choice of some other method of taking life from those whom the law decreed were not fit to live among their kind.

The authorities who dealt with criminals had learned that hanging, with all its horrible possibilities, had ceased to have a frightening effect upon the Thugs, toughs, and roughs, who were most likely to commit crimes of violence. These ruffians believed that to "die game" on the gallows was almost a heroic ending to a career which would not otherwise be noticed except in the court and prison records.

From the moment of his crime a murderer became a celebrity among people of his own class and in the public prints. His trial would crowd the court rooms and command columns in the newspapers. After conviction his cell would be filled with flowers by religious and emotional women, and his time would pass easily in the company of any friends and sympathetic persons who cared to visit him.

As the day of his execution approached, the newspapers would record his hours of exercise, the minutest details of his diet, and everything in his conduct and demeanour which could possibly interest a morbid public. Naturally this made him still more a hero, and the last act of the tragedy was watched with an interest which made other possible murderers almost envy his position. Then would come the execution, and the sheriffs would be fairly overwhelmed with applications to witness the sublime spectacle of a human being put to death because he was not fit to live.

The newspapers would print every detail of the execution, even to the words of his last prayers. The highest encomium the reporters could print was that the murderer "died game;" which was a direct incentive to other criminals to murder and show that they, too, could "die game."

Murders increased in number, and hanging, especially among the younger criminals of the large cities, became rather a glorious

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The Bakery,

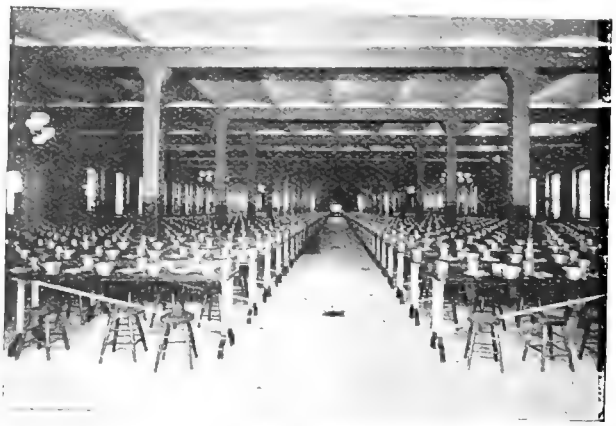
where all the prison breadstuff is made and baked by convicts.

martyrdom than a punishment. This made possible the passage of the law which, in New York State, and later in some others, caused death by electricity to take the place of a punishment, which, since the days of Mordecai and Haman, has been the extreme penalty of the law.

The present statute not only substituted the scientific process of electrocution for the uncertain methods of the hangman, but when it was adopted opportunity was given to throw about the act of legal killing many provisions calculated to terrify the criminal mind, and to rob the criminal's death of the publicity and notoriety which alone gave it any semblance of heroism.

When a murderer is convicted now he is taken at once to a condemned cell in one of New York State's three prisons, and from the moment he enters its door he is practically a dead man. There is a mystery thrown about even the time when he is to die. The judge, in sentencing him to death, says only that he is to be taken to the designated place, and there executed under the laws of the State at any time during the week, beginning with a certain date.

The warden of the prison fixes the day and hour, and the condemned man may not know when it is to be. He may be called from his bed at early dawn, or his fate may summon him from that first slumber which is deepest and sweetest. Unless by process of the courts, or by act of the pardoning power, he never leaves the condemned cell except to take the few steps which lead him to the electric chair. His eyes never see anyone save his spiritual and legal advisers and the prison officials in immediate charge of him, until the day when he enters the death chamber, where are gathered the few persons whom the law summons to witness that its most solemn act is duly done.



The Dining-Room

is a truly remarkable apartment. At the time the above photograph was taken the tables had been laid for fifteen hundred convicts.

The Printing Department.

This is the composing-room of the Sing Sing printing department. Everything is, of course, done by convicts who, in some United States prisons, actually edit and print small newspapers.

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The Art Room.

The most extraordinary part of Sing Sing prison is the art room. The men who have been convicted for three years or more are instructed in a course of art studies by a highly cultured convict who is in for life.

The first electrocution was naturally an experiment, none the less an experiment because its subject was a human being, and the object death. The scientific electricians felt sure of their ground, but they could take no chances of the horrors which might lie between the strength of current which would only stun or half kill, and that which would wither and blast and burn a human creature, murderer though he was.

The law limits the number of those present at an execution to twelve witnesses outside of the officials charged with the execution. It may well be believed that the little crowd gathered in Auburn prison to witness the legal killing of William Kemmler, although most of them professional and scientific men, were awed and more than anxious. Their eyes were to see what no one had ever beheld before—the intentional passage of a tremendous current of electricity through the body of a living man.

We know now what the scientific theory was, and science has shown in the something like fifty electrocutions since that of Kemmler, that its theory was absolutely correct. In Kemmler's case an over-powerful current was used to make death absolutely certain, regardless of other result, and the drying of one of the electrical conductors at the point of contact caused a burning of the flesh with its consequent odour, but the death was instantaneous and painless. In none of the subsequent electrocutions has so powerful a current been used, and sponges soaked with salt water are placed at the ends of the two electrodes which carry the current in and out of the body.

The electric chair—whose fatal image is ever before the murderer's eyes from the moment of his crime until he enters the door of the death chamber and beholds the reality—is not electric in any sense. It is a massive chair of oak, with strong back and arms, but all the electric apparatus is entirely independent of the chair itself.

The chairs at the three New York prisons are of the same design, and the accessories vary only in detail. At Sing Sing Prison, which is nearest New York City, and its large criminal population, the great majority of electrocutions have been performed, and a description of its apparatus will serve for all.

The electricity for executions comes from the great dynamos which are used for lighting the prison and its walls. These no prisoner could scale during the darkest hour of the darkest night without being seen instantly by the armed guards. The death building, which is an ordinary

Convict-made Organ

which was built by the prisoners at Sing Sing as a present to the Governor. Curiously enough, the workmen had never played on a musical instrument.

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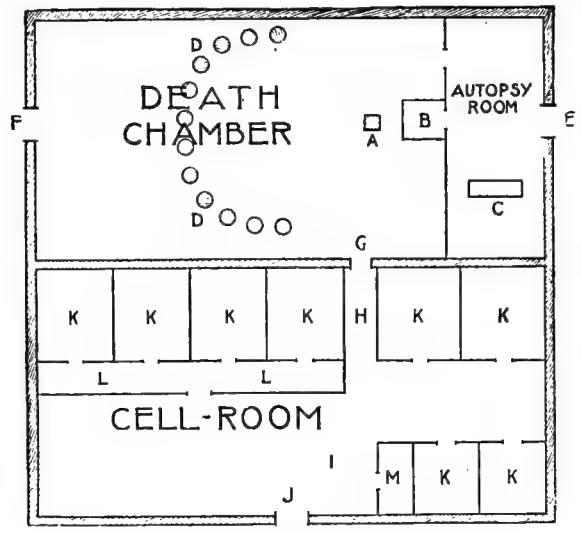

A plan of the building where the executions take place.

A. Electric chair.
B. Executioner's booth.
C. Dissecting room.
D. Stools for witnesses.
E. Executioner's door.
F. Witnesses' room.
G. Door by which condemned man enters.
H. Passage from condemned cells.
I. Main corridor in cell room.
J. Door to prison.
K K. Condemned cells.
L. Corridor for death watch.
M. Bath-room.

one-storied brick structure, is divided into two parts—the cell-room and the death-chamber proper.

The condemned man is brought directly from his trial to the former, and here is stripped, searched, and his description entered in the prison records. Then he is placed in one of the cells, and from that moment he may receive no article of any description except by the direct order of the warden.

The cell-room measures some 30ft. by 20ft. Lengthwise through its middle runs a partition of steel bars lined on the inside with coarse-meshed wire-netting. In the middle of the partition is a door which is kept constantly locked except for the passage of the keepers, of whom two are on watch every moment of the day and night. They sit, walk, or stand, in a narrow passage between the partition and the front of the cells proper. These are 5ft. wide by 6ft. or 7ft. deep, and are entirely open in front except for steel bars running up and down some 3in. apart. They are lighted from above, and are somewhat more comfortably furnished than ordinary cells if the prisoner shows no signs of becoming violent or attempting suicide. If it is considered safe, the warden allows the prisoners many little comforts which make their lot easier, and serve to pass the dreary hours. The cells are separated by solid partitions, but they have one peculiarity not possessed by cells used for any other purpose.

The Condemned Cells.

This picture represents the condemned cells with the screens drawn. These screens are plain white curtains hung on to the netting, and were put up at the suggestion of the warden's wife. They prevent the condemned people from annoying one another when being taken out to exercise, etc. There are other side curtains not shown in the picture, which cut the passage-way in o sections between the cells.

The law decrees not only that the condemned man may not see, nor be seen, by any outsider, but also that he may not see nor be seen by his fellow-prisoners awaiting electrocution. To avoid this the front of each cell is equipped with an iron shutter constructed on the

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The Death Watch.

A corner of the cell room occupied by prisoners condemned to death. A warder stands constantly between the iron netting and the cage bars.

same principle as the cover of a roll-top desk.

When it is necessary to bring in a new prisoner on the day when one is being taken to the death chamber—in fact when anything occurs which might expose the condemned men to view, a keeper is placed in each occupied cell with its prisoner, and the shutter pulled down. At other times the keepers command a view of every inch of the cells from their posts in the passage, and are able to note the slightest suspicious action.

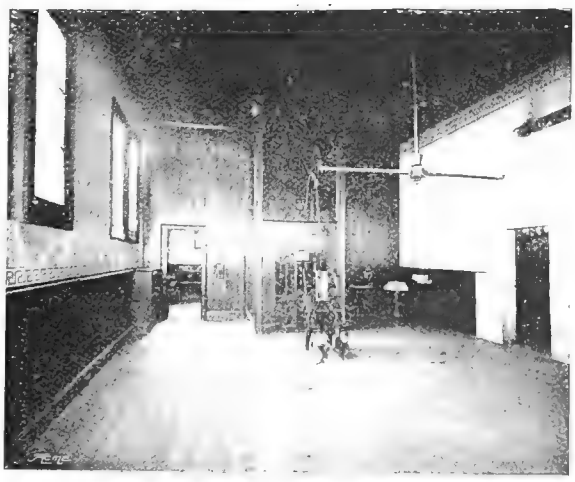
The death-chamber is reached from the cell-room by a narrow passage between two of the cells. Its door opens directly opposite the fatal chair, and it is from here that the man about to die gains his first view of the mysterious and deadly apparatus which has been so long and so constantly before the eyes of his thoughts.

The chamber is a well-lighted room of about the same size as the cell-room. It has three doors—the one just mentioned; a door into the prison yard, by which the witnesses enter; and a third, at the side and back of the chair, opening into the autopsy room.

The chair stands 6ft. or 7ft. from the end wall, and directly in front of a little square wooden booth, to which there is no view or entrance from the chamber. It is entered by a door from the autopsy room, so that its occupant comes in and goes out without his identity becoming known to those present at the electrocution. It is he who actually releases the current of electricity to speed on its errand of death.

As one enters this booth from the autopsy room, one sees nothing but carefully insulated wires passing through its walls, and directly in front of the door, fastened to the front wall, a massive brass switch, with an ebony handle. Through a tiny hole in the right side of the booth passes a wire, on each end of which, one in the booth and one in the death-chamber, is a brass finger ring. At the time of the execution the mysterious man in the booth puts one ring on his finger and the prison electrician, standing beside the booth on the outside puts the other on his. At the signal from the warden the electrician pulls the wire taut.

The man inside on feeling the pressure on his own finger pulls down the lever with his other hand, and permits the current to pass. When the pressure is released the current is instantly shut off, and this is repeated once or twice, until there is no doubt that the electricity has done its work. There is no



The Death Chamber.

A general view of the death chamber. The door on the right is that from which the convict will enter.

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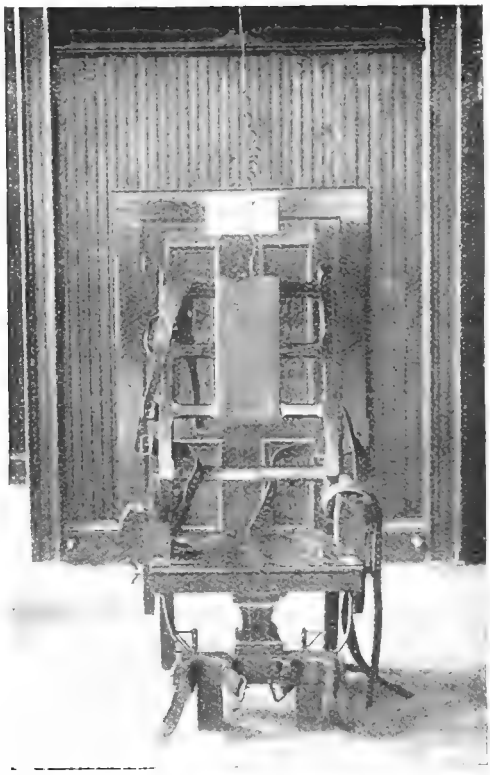


The Death Chair.

An enlarged view of the death chair. In reality it is a simple, though exceedingly strongly made, ordinary chair, the electric apparatus being entirely separate.

doubt that the first shock kills, and the subsequent ones are administered only to remove any possible question.

The death toilet must be described to make clear the action of the electricity. Just before the execution one of the keepers shaves, on the back and top of the prisoner's head, a spot about two inches in diameter. Then his right trouser leg is ripped from the knee down. There must be nothing except the moistened sponges on the ends of the electrodes to come between them and the actual flesh, as even the slightest obstacle might interfere with the direct and instantaneous passage of the current into and out of the body of its victim.

The death-chamber, with the exception of the chair itself and a semi-circle of stools for the use of the witnesses, is absolutely unfurnished. It is high-ceiled and, except for the gruesome object at one end, might pass for a country schoolroom. In the front of the booth are attached rows of electric light bulbs used for testing the strength of the current, and to make sure that it is passing without obstruction.

From the front of the booth come the insulated wires which go to the cap which is placed over the condemned man's head and into the cuff which is attached to his right leg. The interior of these leather appliances is also insulated, and the flat ends of the electrodes come into immediate contact with the wet sponges.

The current passes in at the head and out from the side of the leg. What its action is science has not yet discovered, but the autopsies show that it entirely changes the character of all the blood in the system.

After death ensues the law provides that an autopsy must be performed at once by the official physicians, and a certificate of death with its cause filed in the prison records. Then, if the relatives desire, the body is delivered to them for quiet burial under the control of prison officials. If there are no relatives, or if they have deserted the murderer, the body is directed to be covered with quicklime in a grave in the prison cemetery.

* * * * *

Arthur Mayhew, a burly negro, and two

The Procession to the Death Chair.

The condemned man is holding a silver crucifix in his right hand and enters on the arm of the chaplain. To the immediate left of the chaplain is the warden, who always leads the grim procession. The man behind the chaplain is the chief keeper, and on the latter's right is the man in charge of the death cell.

Google

Strapping the Victim into the Death Chair.

The operation takes only a few seconds to perform, each keeper being thoroughly trained to draw, adjust and buckle his own particular strap.

or three others of his race one night waylaid in the suburbs of New York City an old man for the purposes of robbery. Their victim resisted, and was killed at one blow. His associates escaped, but Mayhew was caught almost red-handed. He had a long trial, and his case was carried to the highest courts, but his sentence to death was confirmed, and the governor refused to interfere.

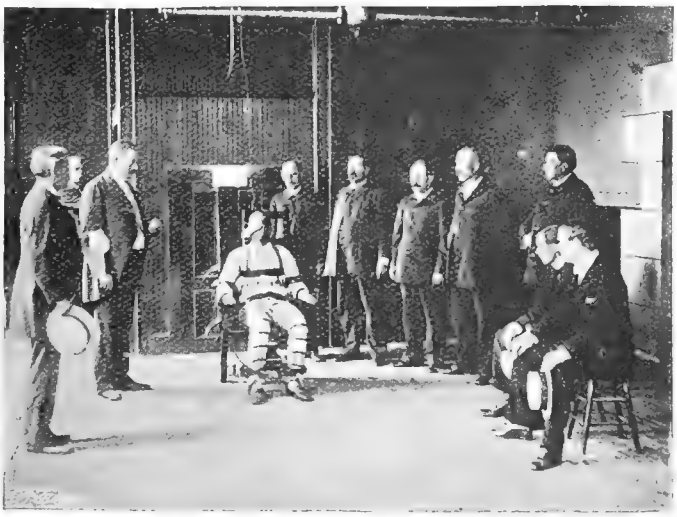
It was a solemn little body of men that gathered in the warden's private office in Sing Sing Prison one grey morning in March last year. It consisted of physicians and a few pressmen, who were for the occasion officials of the State. They had come in answer to the warden's summons to witness that Arthur Mayhew had been legally put to death.

What little conversation passed between them was in subdued tones. As they arrived the warden was several times hastily summoned to the cell-room. He afterwards told the writer that Mayhew, who had passed the night in prayer, a priest in the corridor of the cell-room aiding him in his devotions, had announced that he would never leave his cell alive, a threat which had some appearance of reason, considering the negro's tremendous strength and the narrowness of the door through which he would have to be dragged. But prison experience had provided for such an emergency.

Near the cell was placed a two-quart bottle of strong ammonia, and if he had resisted it would have been dropped on the floor; then, when overcome by its fumes, he would have been lifted out and carried to the chamber. But Warden Sage, although in charge of more than a thousand criminals, is a gentle man, and had shown Mayhew many kindnesses, so that when the final moment came the murderer listened to persuasion, and left his cell without resistance.

"It is time, gentleman," said the warden, and the party of witnesses filed slowly and silently through the prison yard and into the death chamber. Seated on the stools, we watched the tests being made by the electrician, the bulbs alternately lightening and darkening as the current was turned on and off.

Facing us was the chair with its five broad straps, one each for the chest and limbs, and each fitted with an easily fastened buckle. For each strap and each electrode there was a keeper thoroughly trained in his duty.



The Actual Execution.

The warden holds a handkerchief in his left hand. The doctor holds his watch. The electrician stands facing the cupboard. He has on his finger a brass ring, fastened to the end of a wire, which communicates with the man standing in the box behind the electric chair, whose right hand is on the lever which permits the current to pass.

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The tests finished, the electrician took his stand by the booth, with the signal ring on his finger, and near him stood the prison physician with his stop watch in hand. Near the closed door to the cell room were grouped four of the strongest keepers in their blue uniforms. In electrocution there is no desire to gain impressiveness by delay, and everything that follows occured in such a brief space of time that it seemed almost instantaneous.

A muffled sound behind the door told us the dreadful moment had arrived. It opened, and the warden, with a handkerchief in his left hand, quickly stepped to the right of the chair, and took his place next the physician, and where the handkerchief was in easy view of the electrician. In the doorway appeared the negro holding a crucifix, his burly frame leaving scant room for the priest, on whose arm he leant. Behind them could be seen two or three keepers.

Now happened what, with the exception of the burning of Kemmler's flesh, is the only incident which has ever added a horror to those insuperable from the execution of a human being. Mayhew's eyes had been fixed on the crucifix, and his lips were rapidly moving in prayer. As he entered the room he lifted his eyes, and, when he beheld the chair, he threw himself back in terror, his black skin turned to the ashiness peculiar to the negro terror, and he began to talk rapidly in an almost shrinking tone.

"God have mercy!" he yelled. "Don't —don't kill me—don't, for God's sake!—I'm innocent—I never done it—Oh, Mr. Warden, don't push that button—for God's sake!—Lord have mercy!—I never killed him!"

The emergency had been foreseen, and the moment Mayhew held back, he was immediately pushed forward by the keepers behind him, seized by them at the door, and quickly forced into the chair. In an instant he was securely strapped, and the electrodes secured in place, the cap covering his eyes but leaving the lower part of the face exposed to view.

The keepers fell back, the warden stepped forward a pace, and a quick glance showed that all was ready.

A quick lifting of the handkerchief in the warden's hand—a movement of the electrician's finger—and then absolute silence like that of the grave. There was a quick distension of the man's great muscles, a slight froth appeared on his lips, and he was dead.

A few seconds—it seemed hours—a word from the physician, a movement of the electrician and the tension left the muscles, and what in the chair had been a living man was now a limp and lifeless corpse.

A pause, another word from the physician, and again the distension of the muscles and straining against the straps. Another signal, the same relaxation, and it was all over.

The doctors advanced and applied the usual tests of death. As they opened the clothing to apply the stethoscopes the magnificent chest and great muscular arch of the neck were revealed, causing one to marvel at the force which could so instantly reduce to the impotence of death such a perfect living organism.

Eight of the Quaintest Pets on Earth.

These little birds are kept by Mr. Charles Reid, of Wishaw, who took this photograph, not only as pets, but also as models. They are quite tame, and, having been photographed scores of times, almost seem to understand what is expected of them when they are brought out and placed in front of the camera.

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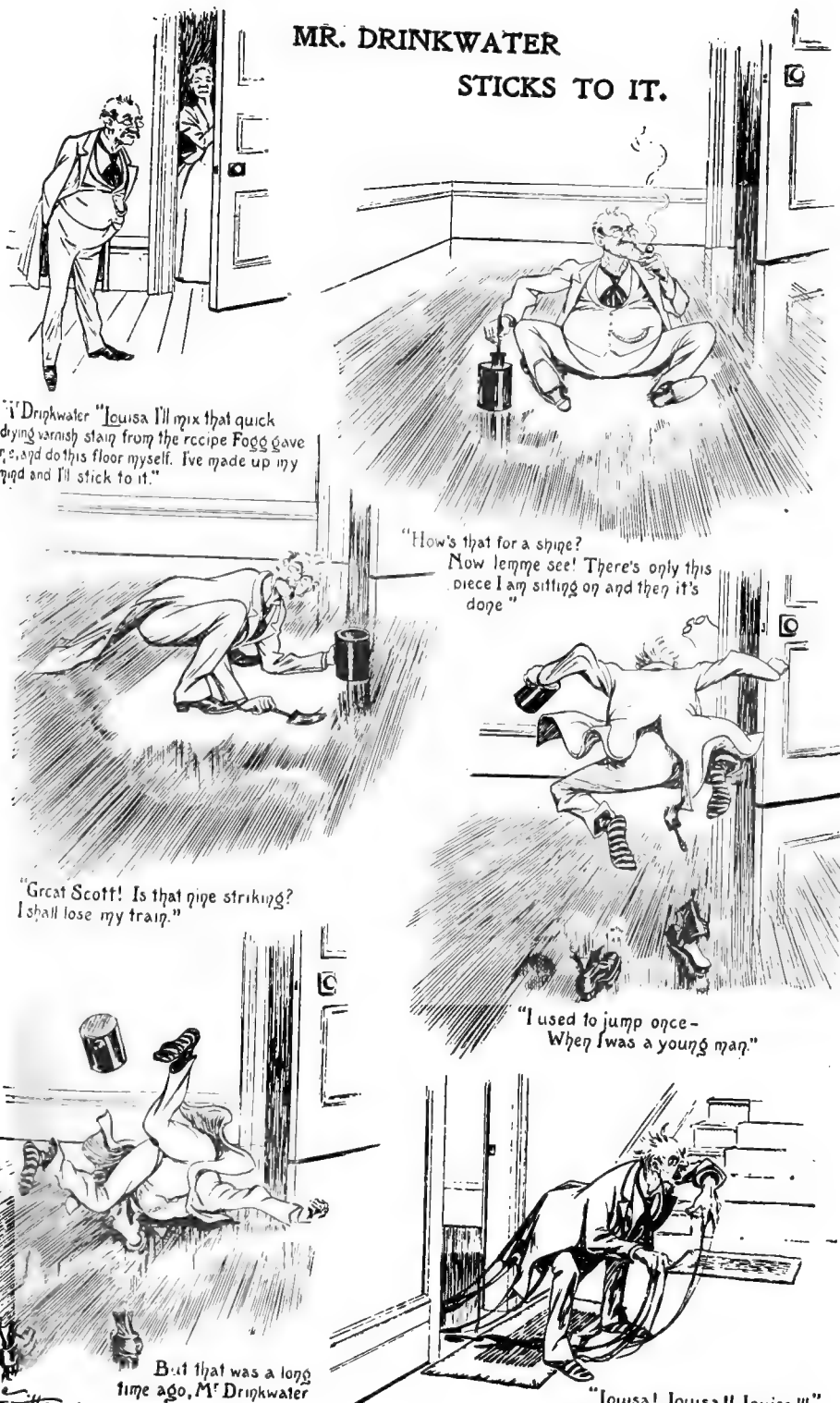
MR. DRINKWATER STICKS TO IT.


Mr Drinkwater "Louisa I'll mix that quick drying varnish stain from the receipe Fogg gave me, and do this floor myself. I've made up my mind and I'll stick to it."
"How's that for a shine? Now lemme see! There's only this piece I am sitting on and then it's done"
"Great Scott! Is that nine striking? I shall lose my train."
"I used to jump once- When I was a young man."
But that was a long time ago, Mr Drinkwater
"Louisa! Louisa!! Louisa!!!"

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The *Giralda*, Mr. Harry M'Calmont's steam yacht. She is the most expensive pleasure craft afloat.

Photo by West & Sons.

THE MOST EXPENSIVE OF EVERYTHING.

By Charles Ray.

We are constantly being told that the present is an age of luxury above all other ages of the world's history; that people are more ready now to satisfy their desires for comfort and enjoyment than ever they were before, even during the voluptuous reigns of Persian monarchs, or in the declining days of the Roman Empire. How far this is true, it is not for us to say, but an interesting light is thrown upon the subject by some facts which we have been able to collect of the expensive luxuries in which some people indulge to-day.

For instance, to the man whose only experience of steamboats is the cheap day-trip to sea or up the river, eighty thousand pounds may seem an enormous sum to give for a private steam yacht. This, however, was the sum paid by Major Harry M'Calmont for his superb pleasure boat the *Giralda*. Not only is this a first-rate sea-going boat, but its appointments, both exterior and interior, are of the very highest class. No expense has been spared. The saloons are upholstered with all the luxury and beauty of a Park Lane mansion; the decks, and bridges, and boats, are immaculate; and the graceful hull looks as though it had only just been turned out by the shipbuilders. Altogether the *Giralda* presents an appearance well worthy of the most expensive yacht in the world.

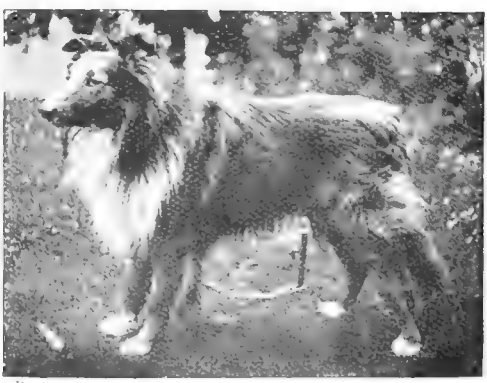

Photo by A. H. Megson.

"Ormskirk Emerald," a collie for which £1300 was paid. He has won no fewer than forty-eight prizes at the chief dog shows of the United Kingdom.

Of sailing yachts the most costly built heretofore was the *Defender*, whose hull was of bronze and aluminium, but the new cup challenger which is about to be built for Sir Thomas Lipton, will, it is said, far exceed the *Defender* in cost.

It is believed by a large number of people that the most expensive railway saloon is that of the Czar of Russia. But such is not the case. Magnificent as is the railway carriage of the ruler of All the Russias, it really cannot be compared with the private car of a certain American millionaire. In this the costliest silks and satins are used for upholstering purposes, the electric lamps and fittings are of solid silver, and gold enters largely into the scheme of decoration. In fact, this railway magnate's saloon seems to the ordinary railway traveller like a dream too splendid for realisation.

Perhaps after yachts and railway cars, the most expensive luxuries in which millionaires and multi-millionaires

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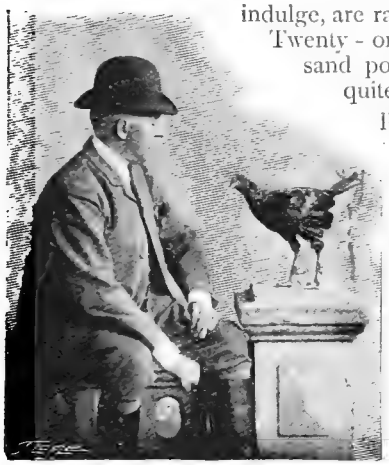


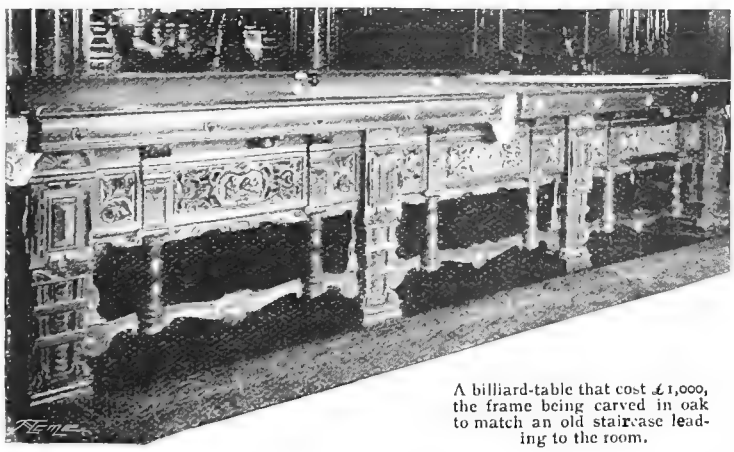
Photo by P. Hawke.
A game cock worth over £500, which once fought for a stake of £40,000.

indulge, are racehorses. Twenty-one thousand pounds was quite recently paid to Mr. John Gubbins, of Bruree, Ireland, for his famous horse "Galtee More," which secured the triple event by winning, last year, the Derby, the St. Leger, and the Two Thousand Guineas.

But, despite his great cost, "Galtee More" was not the most expensive horse that has ever been purchased. That honour belongs to the famous "Ormonde," also a triple-crowned hero. This splendid animal, as will be remembered, belonged to the Duke of Westminster, who sold him to a South American gentleman for £21,000. Shortly afterwards "Ormonde" was re-sold to Mr. Macdonogh—a Californian millionaire—for £30,000, realising the highest price ever paid for a horse.

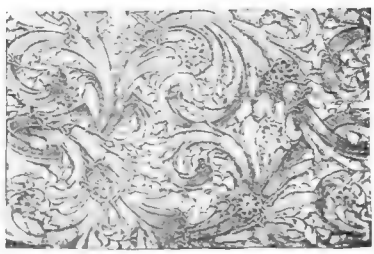
The most costly animal after the horse is the dog. Enormous sums have been paid by fanciers for what they considered to be really first-rate dogs. Owing to the kindness of Mr. W. H. Sprague, of Dane's Inn, we have been able to secure from Mr. Megson, of Manchester, a photograph of "Ormskirk Emerald," the most valuable collie ever reared. This dog has won no fewer than forty-eight prizes at the leading shows of the United Kingdom. He is a sable with half-white collar, heavy frill, mane, and cape, profuse coat of good texture, and is described as being "the nearest approach to the ideal ever yet produced." Mr. Megson paid £1,300 for him. The same gentleman also paid a thousand guineas for another collie known as "Southport Perfection."

Coming to birds one does not expect to find anything very expensive amongst the fowl variety, but here we meet with disillusionment. We give a portrait of the most perfect and at the same time the most expensive game cock ever reared. It is named "Peter Jackson," and its owner, Mr. Dick Haydon, of Plymouth, who is shown in the photograph, has refused £500 for the bird. On one occasion some years ago the bird fought for £40,000 to a pinch of snuff, a bet taken by a deceased nobleman from a young millionaire. The battle was fought with silver spurs, which may be seen on the cock in our photograph. Needless to say "Peter Jackson" came out the victor.



A billiard-table that cost £1,000, the frame being carved in oak to match an old staircase leading to the room.

In dealing with sport and recreation, we must not fail to mention the most costly billiard table ever made in this or any other country. It was built by Messrs. Thurston and Co., to the order of a wealthy inventor of a household necessity, whose advertisements appear



A piece of wall paper that cost £1 a yard. The design is by one of our great artists.

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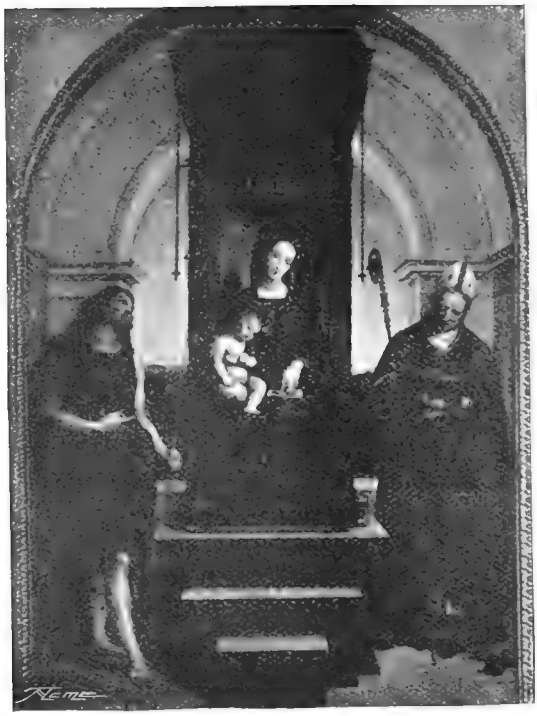

Raphael's famous picture, known as the "Madonna degli Ansidei," purchased for the National Gallery from the Marlborough family for £70,000.

upon every hoarding. The table is of fumigated wainscot oak of Moresque design, with panelled ends moulded and sunk on handsome turned and quadruple shafts. The sides are panelled and there are handsomely carved centres, the whole being made to match an old oak staircase leading to the room. The cost of the table was £1,000, and considering the work and quality, it is considered very cheap.

The majority of our readers will probably be surprised to learn what a vast sum of money can be paid for a really choice wall-paper. In speaking of wall-papers, we are, of course, excluding silk and satin hangings. The most costly wall-paper ever designed is manufactured by Messrs. Hayward and Son, of Newgate Street, and its design is shown in the photograph which we publish. This paper is metalled and lacquered, the lacquer preventing the metal from becoming tarnished by the atmosphere. The paper which, unlike the cheaper wall-papers, is hung horizontally, and not perpendicularly, is made in lengths of twelve yards, and costs no less than £12 per piece.

Such a cost seems enormous, when one considers that the cheap wall-papers hung in cottages cost something like threepence or fourpence a piece! The designs, however, for these expensive papers, are by the leading artists of the day, who receive heavy fees, and the cost of metalling and lacquering is really enormous, so that the profit on a wall-paper sold at £1 per yard is after all not very great.

Ordinary hand-painted wall-papers cost anything from two to four guineas per piece. Of course, these papers are very thick and have to be affixed to the wall with a solution of glue and paste. It is interesting to note, however, that very often the papers are mounted on calico and placed upon the wall in such a way that when the tenant moves to another house or flat, he may take his costly wall-paper with him.

As readers are aware, paintings by old masters realise some very large sums of money. The most ever given for a picture was £70,000 paid by the British National Gallery for the famous altar piece of Raphael, commonly known as the "Madonna degli Ansidei." It was purchased from the Servite Church of San Lorenzo in 1674 by Lord Robert

An etching by Constable, known as "Mrs. Pelham Feeding Chickens," sold for 425 guineas.

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A bonnet made of the most exquisite tortoise-shell, presented by the natives of the Navigator Islands to the Queen.

Spencer, who presented it to his eldest brother, the third Duke of Marlborough. It remained in the possession of the Marlborough family until 1885, when the then Duke sold it for the sum named above to the National Gallery.

We publish another picture described as "Mrs. Pelham Feeding Chickens," of which an etching, sold in June last at Christie's, realised the highest price ever paid for an etching; it was by Constable, and the price paid was four hundred and twenty-five guineas.

Choice works of art invariably realise very high prices in these days. The beautiful Helicon Vase, presented to Her Majesty by the Royal Household on the occasion of the 1887 Jubilee, cost no less than £5,000, being the highest price ever paid for a modern ornament of the kind. It was manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co., of Birmingham, and is of solid silver. The form of the design is in the style of the Italian Renaissance, and on the body of the vase are medallions representing the nine Muses. Upon the pedestal are seated semi-draped figures representing Music and Poetry.

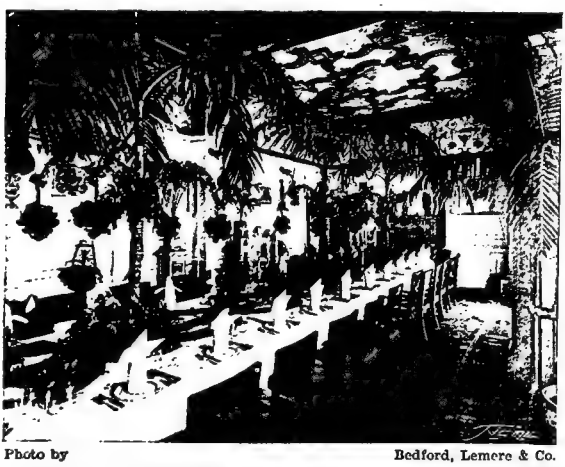

Photo by Bedford, Lemere & Co.

The famous "Red Dinner," given at the Savoy to celebrate a great coup by two gentlemen at Monte Carlo.

It will be difficult to realise that the plain-looking poke bonnet illustrated on this page is the most valuable lady's head-gear in existence. It is made of thin plates of tortoiseshell, beautifully perfect, fastened together with string, and having an edging of common print. This strange bonnet was sent as a present to the Queen by the loyal natives of the Navigator Islands more than fifty years ago. It is not beautiful, and no wonder the Queen found herself unable to wear it.

A box of five cigars worth £5.

Her Majesty sent it to the British Museum, where it may now be seen in the Ethnographical Section. To have such a bonnet made to order from such perfect tortoiseshell would probably cost something like £500 or £600. Of modern ladies' hats really intended for wearing purposes, a beautiful "Gainsborough," manufactured by the well known firm of Louise and Co., of Regent Street some time ago, is the most expensive; it cost eighteen guineas.

Fur garments are always expensive, but some astonishing prices have been paid to the International Fur Stores of Regent Street. Not long ago this company manufactured a sable-lined opera cloak for a wealthy American lady which cost no less than £1,000. The cloak was very beautiful, and the numerous Russian sables which formed the lining matched so admirably that no difference in

The rarest and most expensive stamp in the world, recently sold for £1,920.

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The inside and

the outside of the Mazarin Bible in the British Museum. It is worth over £6,000, and there is but one other in the world.

colour could be detected.

The same Company also prepared the most expensive mantle that has ever been made. It was of velvet and was flounced with Russian sable; the price was nine hundred guineas. A sable cape, manufactured some time ago, was sold for £800.

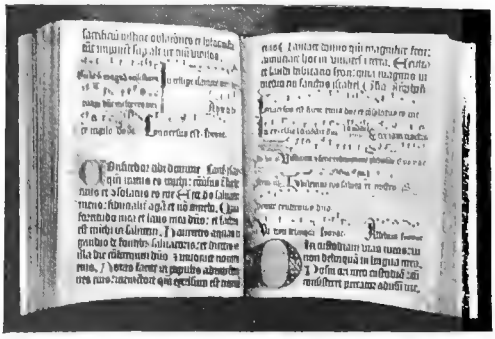
But it is not only for ladies that the Fur Stores prepare costly garments. A gentleman's overcoat was made recently for £400. The coat was completely lined with sable. This Company own some of the most expensive furs in the world. For instance, they have an unique black fox-skin for which they gave £175—the largest sum ever given for such a skin.

Other ladies' garments have cost enormous sums of money. The Comtesse de Castellane, better known as Miss Anna Gould, daughter of the late Jay Gould, the American millionaire, has just purchased the most expensive tea-gown ever turned out by the most expensive of Parisian modistes. It is of heliotrope velvet with a front of cream-coloured *mousseline de soie*, and is trimmed with cascades of cream lace. The front is bordered with a most exquisite trimming of white feathers caught here and there with diamond ornaments. For this tea-gown the Comtesse de Castellane paid £1,200.

Speaking of jewels, the most expensive ruby necklace was presented a short time ago to his bride by George W. Vanderbilt. It cost him over £100,000.

The ancient Roman Emperors are credited with having given some banquets at fabulous cost, but even in these days the gourmand does not hesitate to spend hundreds of pounds in satisfying his appetite for dainty and costly dishes.

The most expensive dinner of modern times was given some years ago at the Savoy Hotel, London, by a millionaire who has since met with an untimely end. It was known as the "Red Dinner," from the fact that almost everything in the dining-room was red in colour. All the floral decorations were red, the electric lamps were red, the knives were specially made with red handles, the chairs were red, the carpet was red, the table napkins were red, and even the waiters wore red ties. The reason of this colour predominating was that the millionaire had experienced a wonderful run of luck and had won a large sum of money through red turning



The Mentz Psalter, bought by the British Museum for £6,000.

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up on the *rouge et noir* table at Monte Carlo. The winning figure was nine, and this figure was also in evidence at the dinner.

The menu card was unique; on the first page was a large red nine and on the back page was a portrayal of the top of a *rouge et noir* gaming table. The menu itself, which was printed in red letters, consisted of eighteen courses, all of the most expensive character.

Forty guests sat down to the table, and the cost of this extraordinary dinner was over fifteen pounds for each person.

A half-crown cigar is considered pretty expensive by the average man. Messrs. Oppenheim, the well-known importers, however, sell a cigar at a sovereign. It is absolutely the finest cigar in the world, and also the most expensive. We give a photograph of an open box of these cigars standing upon a closed box. There are five in a box, and the price is a five pound note. The cigars are considerably larger than the usual size.

Of course, we might go on for a very long time describing such things as the 1847 penny Mauritius stamp, purchased recently by Mr. W. H. Peckett, the famous stamp dealer, a specimen of which was recently sold for £1,920; the Bishop Juxon Gold Medal, which fetched £770; the Petition crown of Charles II., the most expensive English coin, which sold recently for £310; the Jubilee handkerchief of George III., bought at the recent Press bazaar for £1,000 by Mr. Sheriff Dewar, and presented by him to the Guildhall Library; the beautiful Mazarin Bible in the British Museum, worth over £6,000; the Mentz Psalter, which was bought by the Museum for £6,000—all of which are the most expensive articles of their kind.

Lack of space, however, forbids us to go farther, but perhaps no more fitting conclusion could be given to this article than by making a brief mention of the costliest tomb in the world. Excepting such buildings as the Pyramids and the gigantic modern mausoleums of royalties, Eastern and Western, the most costly tomb in the world is that erected to the memory of Mr. John Mackay, in Greenwood Cemetery, New York. This splendid mausoleum cost over £60,000, and as the last resting place of a private individual, it is, without doubt, the most expensive tomb in the world.

The silver vase presented to the Queen at her Jubilee by the Royal Household. It cost £5,000.

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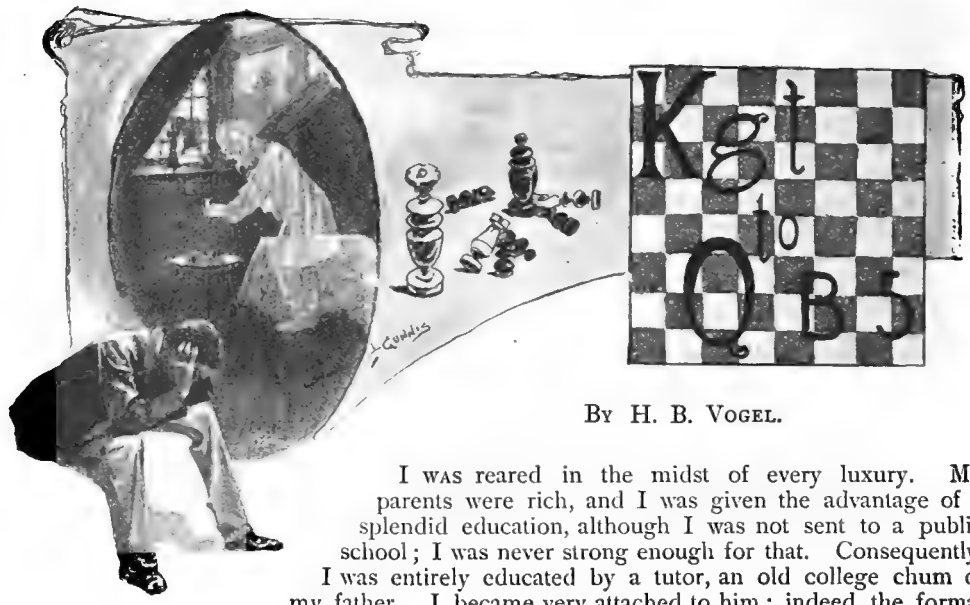

By H. B. Vogel.

I was reared in the midst of every luxury. My parents were rich, and I was given the advantage of a splendid education, although I was not sent to a public school; I was never strong enough for that. Consequently, I was entirely educated by a tutor, an old college chum of my father. I became very attached to him; indeed, the formal relationship of pupil and teacher soon disappeared from between us.

He was an enthusiastic chess player. He was more—he was a thorough master of the game, for he had made a lifelong study of it, and I doubt whether any player really was his equal, much less his superior. Naturally he taught me his favourite game, and, disinclined as I was to outdoor pastimes, it was not to be wondered that I grew as devoted a chess player as my master was. It became, as it has remained, the hobby of my life.

Unfortunately that life was not destined to continue in the smooth lines in which it had commenced. Shortly after I became of age, an event which was closely followed by the death of my kind-hearted tutor, a series of financial disasters occurred that, within the space of a few months, left me not only penniless but an orphan.

My father's old friends helped me in many ways for some while. I was not, however, of a nature to remain dependent on unearned assistance. I strove without success to find employment for myself. I endeavoured to procure work upon some newspaper and failed. Many an advertisement I answered seeking a situation as tutor or clerk, or indeed as anything whereby I might earn a living. Yet it was all to no purpose, and I had to eke out an existence on the money I received for the few short stories I now and then managed to sell.

I grew terribly poor, fiercely contending in a battle for bare existence. At times, so desperate were my straits, that I felt inclined to yield and end the struggle, as many a poor soul has done before.

My sole amusement was my chess. I discovered a small chess club, and many an hour I spent there, not least of all, if the truth be confessed, for the sake of its warmth and brightness.

One evening I heard rumours of a great chess tournament. It was to be a speculation on the part of the organisers. The first prize was to be a large one, and many of the greatest living masters were expected to be amongst the competitors.

I dare swear I played but indifferently that night, for the thought of taking part myself in the great tournament had flashed upon me. On my way home to my lodgings I spent a precious penny in the purchase of a chess paper, and from it I learned the full particulars. It appeared that the first prize was £150, the second prize £50, and there were others of smaller amounts. Smaller amounts! Aye, but in my dreadful poverty the least of them seemed a veritable fortune. I made note of the address to which notices of intending competitors had to be sent, and on the following morning I called. Unknown as I was in the chess world, I found it no very easy matter to become a competitor. But I was desperate. I was not to be refused, although not for worlds would I have confessed that it was money, simply money, and not honour or fame, that I was anxious to struggle for. Yet I nearly failed in my application to enter. It was not, in fact, until I had satisfied the gentlemen who

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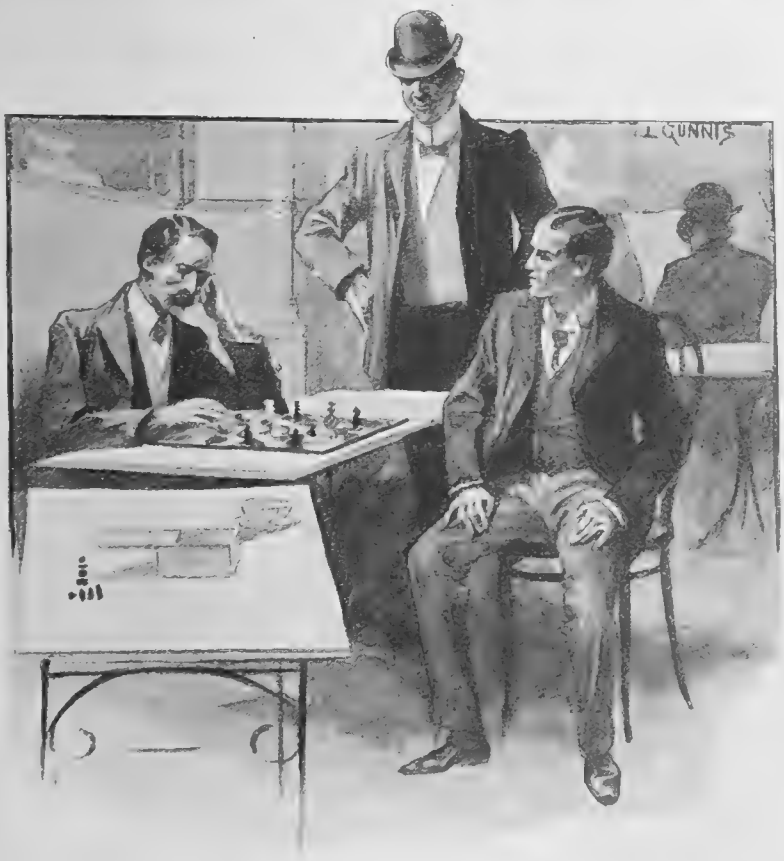
were promoting the affair that I was really of sufficient skill by meeting a player of undoubted ability whom they selected, and whom I easily succeeded in defeating, that I was permitted to enter my name.

Strangely enough, it was within a week or so of this event that it came to my knowledge that the chess editorship of a large paper was soon to fall vacant, and I made bold to interview the chief editor. He proved a not unkindly individual, but, unknown as I was, he had doubts as to my ability to conduct the column. I endeavoured to persuade him. I mentioned, amongst other things, that I was a competitor in the forthcoming tournament, and I managed at last to extract a promise that if I proved by my play to be of sufficient merit he would consider my application.

It may readily be imagined, therefore, how great a store I set upon my attaining some measure of success. The position on the paper was certainly a small one, yet it not only meant bread and butter, but also that I would in a sense be behind the scenes, and thus might frequently have the opportunity of becoming a contributor on other matters than chess alone. I even, with the sanguineness of youth, found myself discounting the possibility of winning a prize. I had, I well knew, so far never met my match—except only my old tutor. I had certainly never played any of the recognised champions, but I had so carefully followed their play in the papers that I felt myself in no great measure their inferior. One only amongst them I thoroughly feared. He was an Austrian, an oldish man, who had of late come to the very front. His play was eminently sound, and evidently the result of deep and long study. At a recent tournament he had carried off the first prize. In the last game he had to play he had developed a practically new opening which led to a combination alike brilliant and overwhelming, whereby his opponent was hopelessly beaten. This particular game I carefully studied, and the more I did so the more I became impressed with the power and skill of the Austrian's attack. Time after time I played it with a view of discovering some adequate reply. Time after time I failed.



I played but indifferently that night.

My fear that I should discover this champion amongst the competitors proved correct. He had entered, and, not without good reason, was looked upon as the probable victor.

It is not necessary for me to dwell upon the course of the tournament. I was fortunate,

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and although I did not rise from every game an actual winner, I found myself on the evening of the last day but one with a clear impassable lead from all save the Austrian.

He and I had met once. I had opened and lost. In games we were, however, ties, and this, the second game wherein we would meet, would, as it happened, decide the first and second prizes.

Some gentleman, who had taken a kindly interest in me, threw out a suggestion of dividing the total of the two prizes. The Austrian merely smiled a surly smile. He wanted the first prize, he said, as well as the honour; and now that both were practically his, why should he be so foolish as to throw any part away?

I returned that evening from the hall to my humble, poorly-furnished lodging, feeling woefully dejected. As I walked up the rickety stairs, and let myself into my attic, I was possessed of but one thought—the game I was to play on the morrow. I took off my coat and hat, and also my suit—my one respectable suit that I clung to as a drowning wretch clings to a plank. I folded it carefully away, and put on an old, frayed pair of trousers and a torn, dingy coat. Then I gave myself up once more to the one thing that was uppermost in my mind.

On a rough three-legged stool I had marked out a chess board, and with it and a set of chipped and broken chessmen I had perfected myself in my hobby. I placed the stool near the bed. By the light of a guttering candle I set out the men, and once again I tried to solve the problem of the Austrian's opening.

Up to a certain point there seemed to be no doubt as to the reply, but beyond that point I could not go. I analysed every possibility, but to no purpose. The attack seemed overwhelming, my position hopeless. Truly the Austrian was right when he snarled that the first prize was his. I was sick with the realisation of my disappointment. It was not quite reasonable perhaps, but then the first prize meant so much to me. The extra hundred pounds beyond the value of the second prize was as a small fortune. Moreover I felt that my proving the final winner would turn the probability of my newspaper appointment into a certainly.

As I sit on the low bed, I picture to myself the game as it will be on the morrow. I see the Austrian's smile as we commence. I see the slow deliberation with which he develops his attack. I even feel the bitterness of my despair as I realise the hopelessness of my reply. We play on. Presently, it is my move. His next will complete as it were his scheme. Mate seems simply a matter of a few moves. Nothing can destroy the power of the attack. I play. He deliberates. The critical moment is come. He kills slowly, even as a cat kills her prey. And all the while I know his move. I could name it—I could play it for him. I long to snatch up the piece, complete my defeat, and end the torture. But no, I must wait and wait. At last he makes the fatal move. I try to escape even as others have done, only to be obliged in another turn to resign. Haggard and faint I rise a loser, the low chuckle of my victor falling on my ears.

I started from my dream. Surely that low laugh was not fancy. I glanced quickly and with some unaccountable horror towards the door. It was shut, and I knew it was locked. I turned, and my eyes fell upon the stool before me.

I had left the men arranged in the Austrian's game, played up to the moment of his fatal move. Yet now they were carefully reset in their proper places ready for the commencement of a game. In stricken astonishment I gazed at the board. Then I lifted my eyes.

Opposite me sat my old tutor!

His face was drawn and haggard. His eyes were fixed upon me. Slowly he raised his hand and moved a piece.

I sat numbed and motionless with horror. I would have shrieked out at the ghastly player that faced me in the likeness of my dead friend. But my tongue was nerveless, my throat was clutched as in a vice. I tried to avert my gaze. I could not, but was fain to peer into the cold, glassy eyes. The old kind look was gone, and in its place the stare of death. Suddenly a change came, and I seemed to see a look of command. I tried to resist, I tried to rise—I could do nothing. I was forced to sit with my ghostly player and play the game as he invited.

I moved; and then, move after move followed until I saw that he was developing the Austrian's attack; and I seemed to lose my fear in my interest. I played the accepted reply, and then at a certain point I made a slight divergence. It was not, however, sufficient to alter the course of the game, and I found myself with but one more move e'er the fatal move was made. I paused, and once again I strove to unravel the problem—to discover the key. It seemed impossible. I put my hand to my forehead in an agony of despair. I lifted my eyes from the

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Slowly he raised his hand and moved a piece.

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board, and glanced towards the figure opposite me.

It was gone!

Then suddenly, as I sat staring in horror at the empty gloom, I saw a sinewy, shrunken hand, as though belonging to an arm that stretched from over my shoulder, slowly descend, and pick up one of my pieces, and move it.

Kgt. to Q B 5!

The piece was put down. The hand had vanished. I looked at the board. The move seemed a foolish one, a useless sacrifice, and at best only likely to delay the inevitable. Yet, what was this? As I gazed, the reality flashed upon me. The move was a master stroke, the conception of a genius. The attack was thwarted; its force and effect destroyed. Nay, more, the tables were turned. My opponent had led himself into a trap. The combination that must develop was perfect, was brilliant, was irresistible. Did he take the piece, or leave it, the end was certain. The game was mine. I could see it—many moves ahead though it was, I could see it.

I started to my feet in an impulse of exultation and joy. My knee hit the tottering stool, and the pieces were thrown to the ground. That sobered me. I stooped, and picked them up, and, setting them out, commenced to play the game afresh. I made the opening moves. I followed my divergence as I thought correctly. And yet, do what I would, I failed to develop the combination I had seen. It was gone.

Hour after hour passed, and still I could not recall my lost reply. At last, exhausted, distressed, and shivering with cold and shock, I undressed and endeavoured to sleep. As I lay wakeful an overpowering horror of the vision I had seen oppressed me. The dead, ghastly look of the figure that had so suddenly appeared and so suddenly vanished, haunted me. Every creak of the ill-built house startled me, and I was possessed of an unreasonable dread of the coming of some horrible apparition.

I shaved as best I might.

At length I fell into an uneasy slumber.

It was bright morning and full late when I awoke. I was cold and hungry. I washed in the little chipped basin, and dressed myself, shaving, as best I might, in the piece of broken looking glass. I had no money, and I was fain to rejoice that, freezing though it was, there was neither snow nor rain to prevent my pawning my overcoat for the wherewithal to procure food.

I reached the hall early in the afternoon. Many people had gathered to witness the final contest, foregone though the conclusion was deemed. There was a fascination in a duel between this great master and the young lad who had flashed like a meteor across the world of chess. At least so several of the papers had expressed it, for I was proving a fine advertisement.

Amidst a grim silence I found myself for the second time opposed to the famous Austrian, with this difference, that now his was the opening. The game commenced. After a few moves, made comparatively quickly, I perceived that he was developing against me the dreaded attack. Move by move the game developed. I made the divergence as I fancied I had worked it out the previous evening. A slightly longer study seemed to convince my opponent of the

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futility of my effort. Two more moves and I knew that his next would be fatal. I could see it. I could see the brilliance, the perfection of his attack. I was beaten unless I could recall the move I had seen in the solitude of my garret. Was the move possible? Was the game before me identical with that of the previous night? I strained every nerve. I weighed every possibility, but I could not perceive my escape. I surely had made some false step.

The time within which my move had to be made was almost expired. Howsoever I played, the game seemed lost; the first prize had passed away from me.

Kgt. to Q B 5.

It was the master move.

I heard a grunt, and on the face of my opponent I saw a sneer. I looked again at the board. There, awaiting development, was the combination, brilliant and far-reaching beyond his! He failed to see it. He took my piece, and glanced at me with a smile of triumph. I moved. He saw then. I heard him mutter as he bent over the board and studied it. Almost at the limit of his time he moved. I replied. He made a desperate struggle at least to draw. It was useless. The combination against him was overpowering, irresistible. Presently he resigned. I

I saw a thin, shadowy hand hover above the board.

I leant back and in my agony of mind I groaned aloud.

No one noticed my distress, all interest was centred on the board. I looked at it. It seemed to be swimming before my tired brain, to be floating in a dim, grey mist. Suddenly I saw a hand—a thin, wasted, shadowy hand—hover above the board. It descended and picked up a piece.

Kgt. to Q B 5!

I started forward. The hand had vanished. The pieces stood as they had stood. I reached across and moved.

fell back faint with pleasure and delight—the winner of the tournament.

Within a week I was editor of that chess column, and I found my game with the Austrian champion had passed into the chess world as an example of a brilliant and wonderful play.

It was not my game. It was not my combination. It was the outcome of the most terrible experience that ever befell me. Yet, curiously enough, it was the point at which commenced the good fortune that led to the success in life that I have achieved.

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CYRIL MAUDE.

THE mysteries of the actor's dressing-room are, as a rule, very sacred, and it is seldom that he can be persuaded to lift the veil. But Mr. Cyril Maude is good nature personified, and, when playing the part of Gaffer Jarge a short while ago, he allowed the accompanying snapshots to be taken. Mr. Maude is a most conscientious "maker up." He believes in allowing himself plenty of time, and for so elaborate a disguise as this of Gaffer Jarge he would think nothing of giving an hour or more. He becomes quite absorbed in the process of transformation, taking the keenest interest in each tiny detail, and swaying to and fro in front of the looking-glass to try the effects of light and shade. The faithful William, who has now been Mr. Maude's dresser for some considerable time, is, of course, always on the spot, for it would never do for him to forget the smallest detail.

The art of "making up" is not possessed by many, as any experienced playgoer will know. It is

1.—Entering the dressing room.

Here Mr. Maude is entering his dressing room, and is handing his hat to his dresser. The office of dresser is one of importance and responsibility.

2.—Dressing.

He must see that all the requisite "properties" are ready to hand, and must take an active part in the actual adjustment of the various articles of clothing.

Google

3.—"Making up."

Here we have Mr. Maude "making up." To do this quickly and skilfully is an art that requires infinite practice and care.

4.—Finishing touches.

Gaffer Jarge is approaching completion. The wig and heavy eyebrows complete the illusion, and in a moment turn the young man to an old one.

by no means given to every actor to be able to judge the exact "heaviness" of "make-up" necessary for the particular theatre he is playing in, or to so disguise his face that it shall appear as natural to the front row of the stalls as to the back row of the gallery. To make-up requires much practice and not a little study, in which, of course, time is a great essential to success. Little do people imagine on seeing an actor on the stage how much trouble has been expended on his face.

5.—Called.

More than an hour has elapsed since Mr. Maude entered his dressing room, and now he is ready for the call which summons him to the stage. Every detail of this simple dress is the result of thought and care.

6.—On the stage.

Here we have a general view of Gaffer Jarge, and it would be a bold man who could see much resemblance between this figure and the gentleman handing his hat to his dresser in the first illustration.

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THINGS FOUND AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

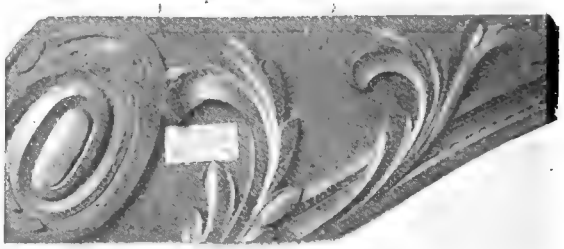
By T. C. Hepworth, F.C.S.

The men who work below water may be said, in a double sense, to be engaged in divers operations. A man may be detailed to scrape from a ship's bottom the barnacles and other marine growths which form a coating prejudical to speed; or, possibly, his duty may be to patch up a hole, or to report upon the extent of damage done in a collision, or he may be engaged on some big engineering work where foundations have to be made secure far below the surface of the sea.

The blowing up of rocks, sunken vessels, and other impediments to navigation, forms another hazardous part of a diver's work. Hundreds of divers, equipped in the modern dress, and armed with modern appliances, are now engaged in pearl fishing and on the sponge fisheries.

Also they have the romantic and very important work of recovering sunken treasure from ships which have gone down.

Lastly, there is the weird work which often falls to a diver's lot to search a submerged vessel which has foundered with all hands. Perhaps it were well when such a catastrophe occurs that it should take place in deep water, where the wreck can be allowed to rest in peace with its ghostly crew.



A portion of the stern of H.M.S. *Eurydice*, capsized in a squall off the Isle of Wight, early in the afternoon of 24th March, 1878.

Such was not the case with the *Eurydice*, which capsized one summer afternoon with a crew of about 700, all looking forward to getting back home after service abroad in the West Indies. She was a frigate and a training ship, and consequently the vast proportion of those drowned were sailor lads. She was struck by a sudden squall off the Isle of Wight, and sank, the captain and about 300 sailors perishing. The clearage of this wreck by divers was gruesome work, as may well be imagined. One of the men employed brought up with him a small piece of the stern of the ship as a memento of one of the saddest episodes which belong to the annals of the British navy. Subsequently, after immense difficulty, the vessel was most skilfully raised and brought into Portsmouth harbour.

Happily, the foundering of a well-appointed ship is not a common occurrence, but at the same time they have been far too common during the past forty years. Besides the *Eurydice*, we call to mind the *Captain*, which turned upside down in a gale. This vessel was an ironclad turret-ship, with a low freeboard and three masts. Doubts had been raised as to her stability, and a report was

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made to the effect that she was unfit to cruise under sail alone. This was in August of 1870, and on September 7th, a few minutes after midnight, off Finisterre, the doomed vessel was struck by a sudden squall, and sank in three minutes. The designer of the vessel, Captain Cowper Coles, Mr. Childers (a son of the First Lord of the Admiralty), and over 470 men and officers were drowned. Eighteen men only were saved, and when daylight broke they, on the fragments of wreckage they were clinging to, were all that remained of the splendid warship.

Another naval disaster was the loss of the *Vanguard*, a double-screw ironclad, early in the afternoon of September 1st, 1875. The squadron, under command of Admiral Tarleton, was steaming through a fog off the coast of Wicklow, when the *Iron Duke* collided with the *Vanguard*. The latter sank, her crew of about 400 fortunately being saved. The *Iron Duke* floated, although, through a valve being accidently left open, she nearly sank.

We also call to mind that awful event, the loss of the *Victoria*.

Previous to these comparatively modern losses of warships in times of peace, the one event of the kind which looms up in the past as an appalling disaster, was the sinking of the *Royal George* at Spithead in 1782.

Man's thigh bone. A shoe buckle. A silver plate. A pistol A pipe.

Relics from the *Royal George*, which sank at Spithead, 29th August, 1782.

The story has been told again and again, so that it would be wearisome to repeat it at length. Suffice it to say that the ship, almost on the point of departure for Gibraltar, held a crew of about 800 men, together with relations and friends who had come on board to wish them farewell.

To repair a slight defect, the vessel was careened, that is, laid partly on its side, by shifting the heavy guns. This brought the water almost on a level with the open port-holes on the leaning side. By an accident the margin of safety was exceeded, the water poured in, and the good ship, which had distinguished herself in many a sea-fight, sank to rise no more.

Attempts to raise the *Royal George* signally failed, for at the time of the disaster work with diving dress and diving bell was in its infancy. Indeed, it is an interesting fact that the wreck of the *Royal George* was practically the first surveyed by a diving bell, an event which took place in 1817. It was not, however, until 1839 that active steps were taken to clear the old wreck away, and to recover the guns, &c.

In the course of this work, which has been diligently prosecuted since the date named, various relics have been brought up from the old wooden warship, some photographs of

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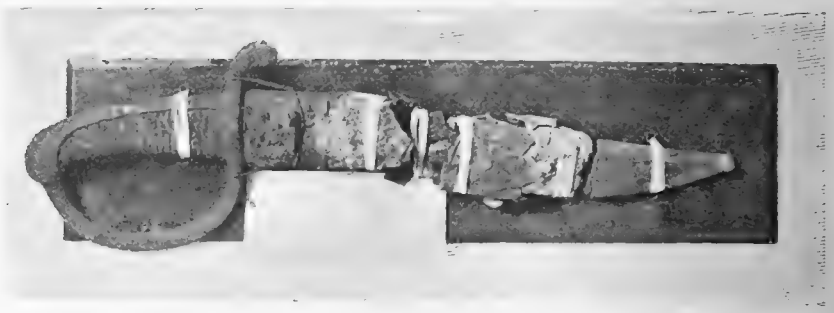

Admiral Kempenfeldt's sword, recovered from the *Royal George*. Admiral Kempenfeldt was a Swede by descent, although born in London.

which we are enabled to place before our readers.

Here is the thigh bone of a human being, a shoe buckle, a tobacco pipe, a silver plate found in Admiral Kempenfeldt's cabin, and a pistol. In another group of relics from the same unfortunate ship, we show the sole of a boot, another shoe buckle, a gold ring, a little saucer, a two-pounder iron shot, a bottle with shells attached to it and a silk handkerchief partly around it, a spoon, and what appears to be a piece of ragged rope, but which is really the remains of a tallow candle.

But of greater interest than all these is the sword belonging to Admiral Kempenfeldt, a Swede by name and descent, but born in London. The *Royal George* was his flag-ship, and at the same time his coffin. Another photograph shows a billiard-table at Windsor, a prized possession of the Queen, for it is made entirely of wood recovered from the *Royal George*.

It seems astonishing how certain articles are preserved for long periods beneath sea water, when we consider how many sources of destruction are present. Iron rusts away

Boot sole. Ring. China basin. Iron shot. Bottle with silk handkerchief round it. A tallow candle. Metal spoon. Shoe buckle.

More *Royal George* relics recovered by divers after being sixty years n the water.

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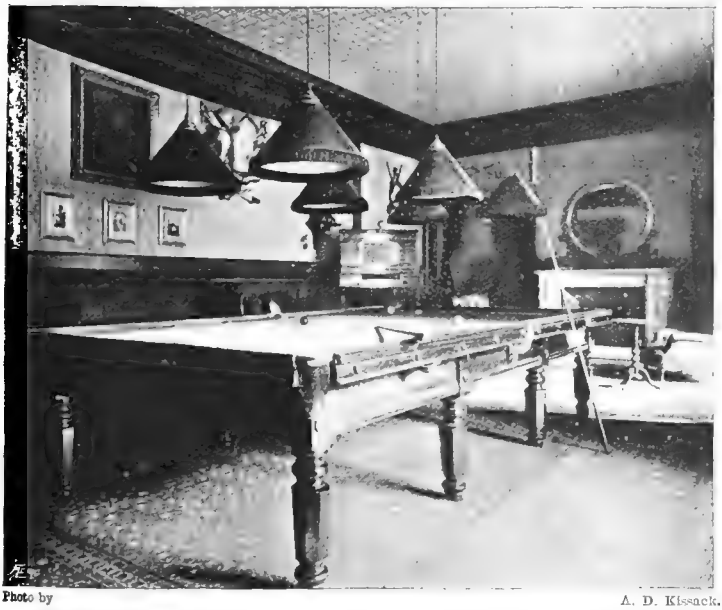


Photo by A. D. Kissack.

The billiard room at Windsor Castle, the table being made of wood from the *Royal George*.

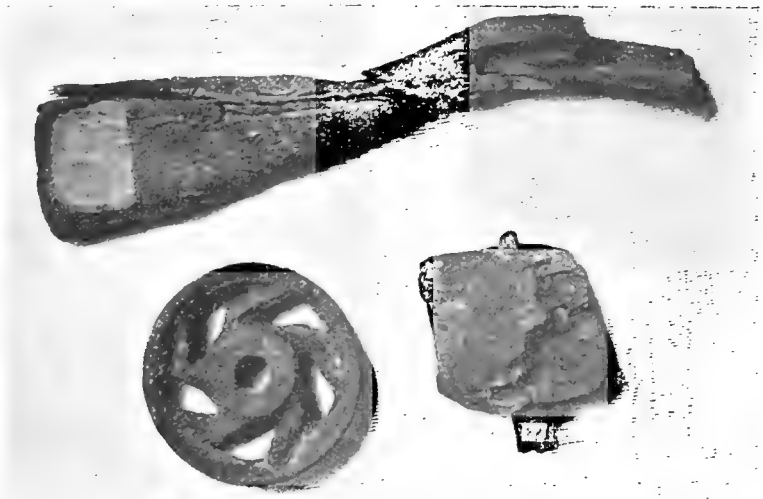
very quickly in sea water, and not a trace of it remains, and yet, in our next example, we can point to the wheel from a block belonging to H.M.S. *Mary Rose*, which was sunk in 1545, and not recovered until 1841. We can only suppose that the iron was thickly covered with some preservative.

From the same old ship of Henry VIII.'s reign comes part of a carpenter's mallet. The gunstock shown is from the wreck of the *Edgar*, recovered after 120 years submergence, every bit of the metal work having disappeared, the wood alone remaining.

In some seas any article buried in their depths is quickly incrusted with living deposits made by shell fish, worms, &c., as we can see for ourselves at many a seaside resort, where the submerged portions of the pier, &c., are often covered with such growths. Here is a bottle found by a diver in 8oft. of water on the coast of Denmark.

Coming under a similar category are the growths of sponge which frequently attach themselves to sunken articles. A sponge is an animal colony, and does not belong, as was once thought to be the case, to the vegetable kingdom.

Usually attached to rocks, the sponge will fasten on to any substance within reach, and here are a few examples of what it will do in this way. Here is a basin and a water bottle, each with a large sponge fastened on to it, while the other curiously shaped article is either a lamp or a vessel for containing oil, of Greek origin, and probably dating from 300 B.C. The elegant pointed wine vase is free from sponge, but it was brought up by a diver from the same neighbourhood, the Grecian Archipelago.



This gunstock was recovered, after 129 years' submergence, from the remains of H.M.S. *Edgar*, which blew up 15th October, 1711, destroying all on board. The pulley-wheel and mallet-head were taken from the wreck of the *Mary Rose*, of 60 guns, which upset in a squall between Portsmouth and Spithead, 20th July, 1545.

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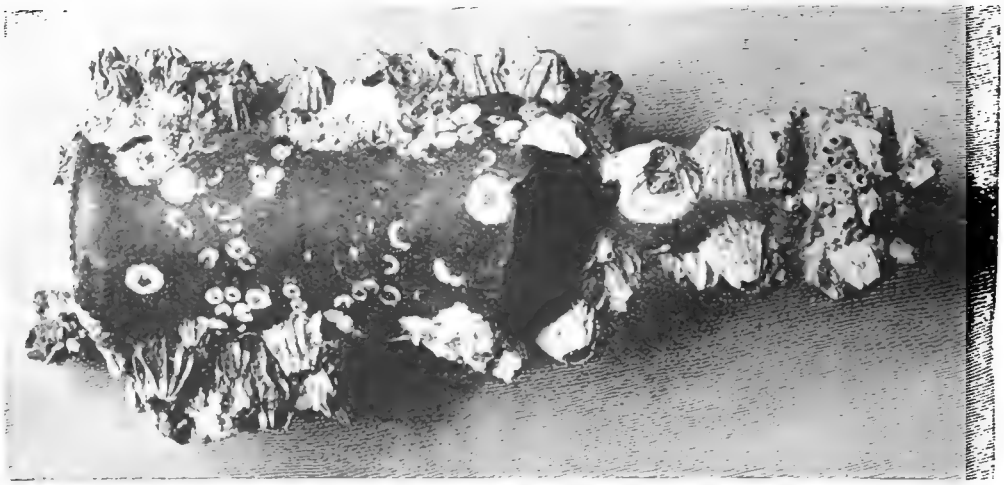

A bottle found by a diver off the Danish coast in eighty feet of water.

The carpenter's plane, still retaining its original shape, but destitute of blade, was recovered by a diver from one of the vessels belonging to the illfated Spanish Armada. The loss of this fleet of 132 ships, more than 300 years ago, acquires renewed interest because of the loss of two other modern fleets belonging to the same power which we read of in the newspapers only a few short months ago.

Many are the stories which are current among divers with reference to the large sums of money which are occasionally recovered from sunken wrecks—and, moreover, these are true stories. Here is one. An old diver of the name of Gann was engaged in some work on the Galway coast, and heard a common tradition in the place to the effect that one of the ships of the Spanish Armada had been wrecked in the vicinity, a fisherman stating that he could guide anyone to the exact spot. Gann entered into a sort of partnership with this man, and they dragged the supposed spot for some weeks with out result, until at last their grapnels caught in some obstruction.

A Greek lamp or vessel to contain oil, over 2,200 years old. It was found by a diver in the Grecian archipelago with a sponge growing out of it.

Out came the diving gear, and down went Gann, to find gold literally in heaps. Originally the coin had been packed in barrels, but the wood had rotted away,

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An ancient Greek basin, found in the Grecian archipelago.

An ancient water jug, found in the same place.

leaving the yellow metal in glistening piles.

At Whitstable, John Gann's native place, and a town famous for divers, may still be seen a terrace of houses named Dollar Row—for that is the way in which Gann invested the money of the Spanish invaders. The same diver recovered for his employers no less than one hundred thousand pounds from the wreck of the *Lady Charlotte*.

Such stories could be multiplied, in order to show that the diver's occupation, although having its perils, has sometimes much profit attached to it; and if it be true that the sea contains as good fish as ever yet came out of it, it is also true that millions of money in solid gold must lie buried on the ocean floor.

If it were possible

This beautifully designed vessel is an ancient Greek wine vase.

to recover from that one burial place of many a noble ship—the Goodwin Sands—a tenth part of the treasure which lies hidden there "full fathom five," the finder would be something more than a millionaire.

We give a photograph of a rough wooden box, one of seven, which each contained ten thousand pounds in gold, fished up by Messrs. Siebe and Gorman's head diver, Alexander Lambert, from the Spanish mail steamer *Alphonso XII.*, which was sunk off the Grand Canaries in 162ft. of water.

A little glass case containing one of the gold coins has been let into the face of the box. This box is among the museum of relics from the deep which have gradually been accumulated by the well-known firm of diving engineers just men-

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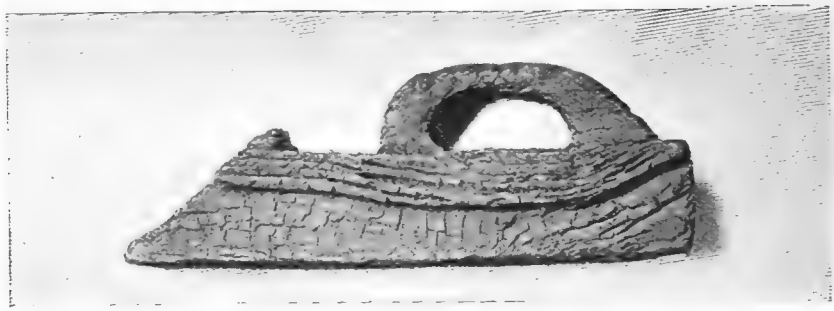
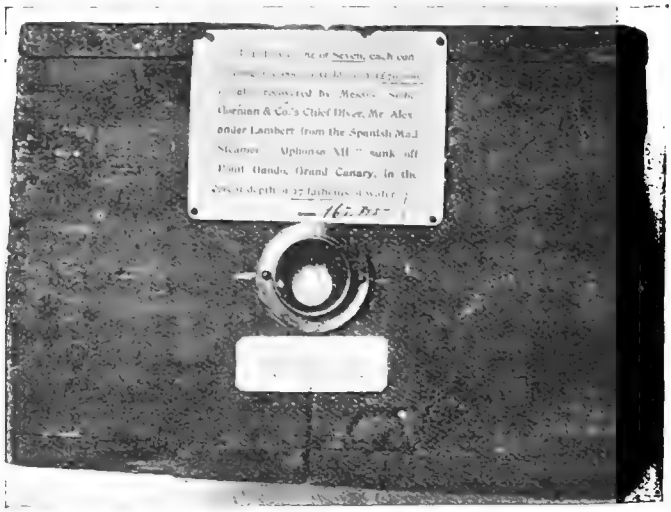


A carpenter's plane recovered from one of the ships of the Armada. The blade has completely rusted away.

tioned, to whose courtesy we are indebted for being allowed to photograph the specimens illustrating this short article.

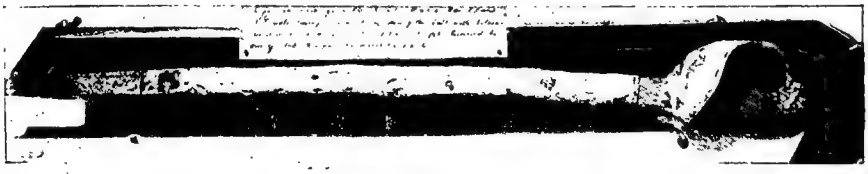
The task of removing this treasure was by no means an easy one, even apart from the tremendous depth of water in which the work had to be carried on. The treasure room lay almost at the very bottom of the vessel beneath three decks, and two divers lost their lives in their efforts to get at the precious cases. For six months or more the operations were continued, until at length Lambert succeeded in opening the scuttles and reaching the magazine.

This courageous diver may safely be asserted to stand at the very head of his profession, and it need hardly be said he has passed through a number of extraordinary adventures.



This box contained £10,000 in Spanish bullion, and, with six similar ones, was recovered from the Spanish mail steamer *Alfonso XII.*

One picture remains to be described, and to many this will seem, perhaps, the most interesting of the relics. It is an officer's sword which was brought up in 1890 from the wreck of the French man-of-war *L'Orient*. This ship figured at the battle of the Nile, August, 1798. It blew up during the action. The event was so unexpected and impressive that for a few minutes afterwards the guns on both sides ceased firing as if by common consent.



An officer's sword, recovered in 1890 from the wreck of the French man-of-war, *L'Orient*, which blew up during the battle of the Nile.

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ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF HEADS

By Mulvy Ouseley.

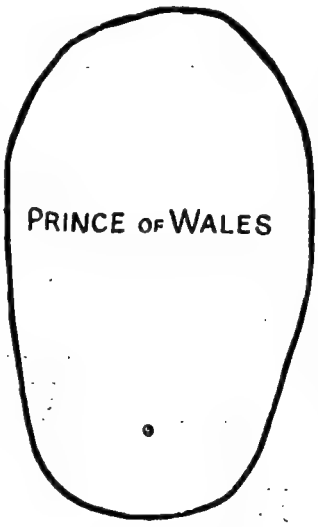
Contrasted with the heads of other animals, the shape of the human head would seem to diverge greatly in individual cases; in fact, if we are to place credence in that ingenious head-measuring instrument known as the conformateur, the difference in the form of heads is astounding.

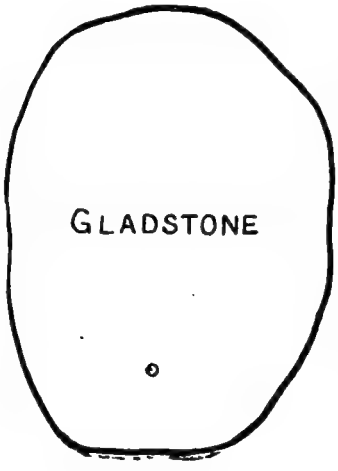
The line of diagram, however, which is traced by the conformateur, when enlarged for the process of hat-making, loses what novelty there is in the original shape; but for the purposes of this article we shall abide by what the conformateur reveals.

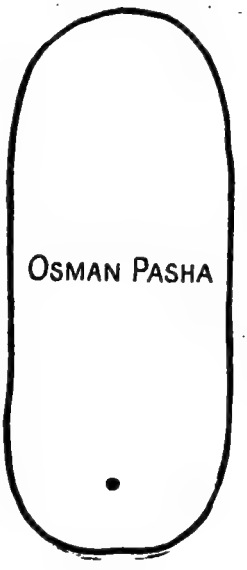
Man, in zoology, is justly ranked at the summit of the animal part of the creation, while the human head, in anatomy, is rightly described as the superior portion of the human body. Thus the head is the highest form of creation. Phrenologists will tell you that character differs in the individual man, and, obviously, since the head is the seat of the brain—that centre from which is derived the inspiration of our personal characteristics—it must be assumed that the form or shape of the cranium is widely different in individual cases.

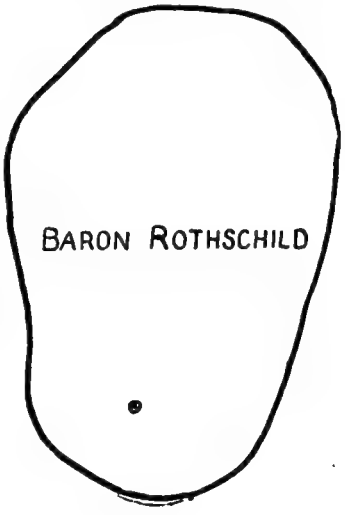
The shapes of heads here given show a curious development, in that while the form itself is in every case different from its fellows the type is preserved, is uniform.

According to Mr. Cuthbertson, C.C., and Mr. Stephen Fortescue, well-known City authorities, for









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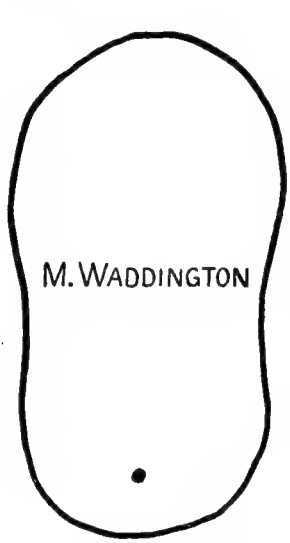
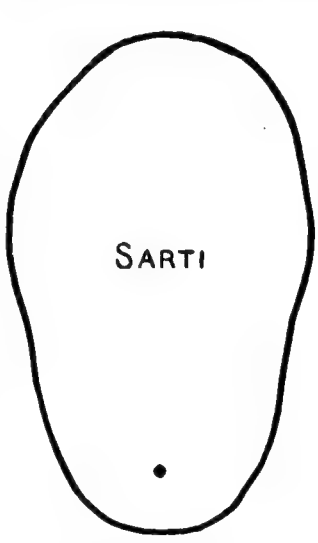
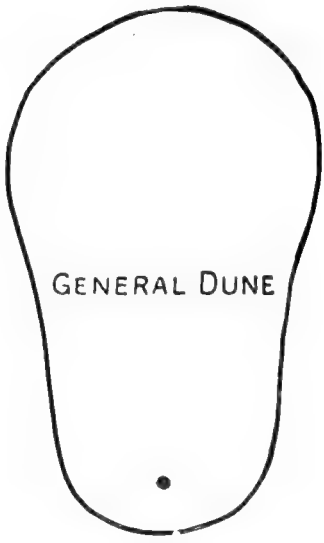






whose help we are greatly indebted, the prominences or irregularities in the outline of, say, the oval type of head point in a measure to the occupation or mental habit of the individual, as well as to nationality. For instance, Mr. Van Biene's may be accepted as that shape of head usually found among musicians—frontal rather narrow, a depression over the ears, bold and full at the back of the head.

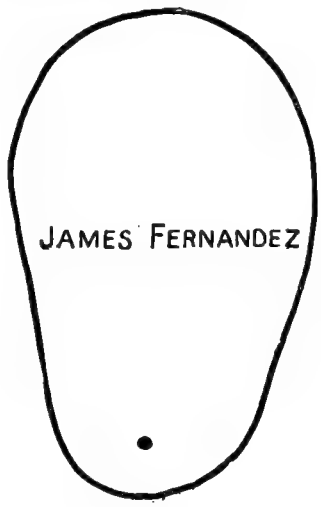
A good diplomatist ought to have a head shaped upon the lines of M. Waddington's —a full forehead, a depression at the sides of the head, a full back agreeing with the front.

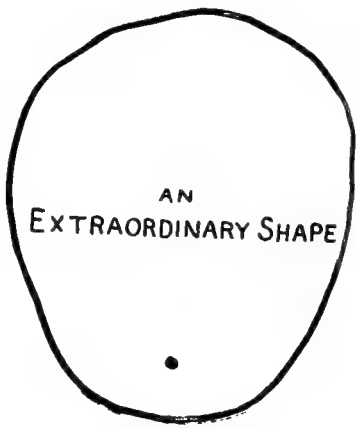
A successful actor will, upon examination, probably be found to have a head outlined as Mr. Fernandez'—fairly round in the front, a depression in the region of the temple on the left side of the head, the line on the right side of the head almost straight, the left side gracefully curved, with a round, full back.

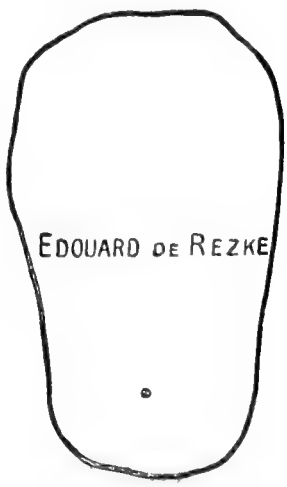
In Sarti's shape, beyond the preservation of the type, there is little or no regularity in the outline. It shows a shifty, crafty individual, and reference to the doings of the man will support the contention.

There is great similarity between the heads of Mr. Hayden Coffin and Mr. Fernandez, an agreement which is also extended to the occupation of the gentlemen named.

The shape marked "Journalist" is that of the average writer. It is well balanced, the front is full, showing considerable







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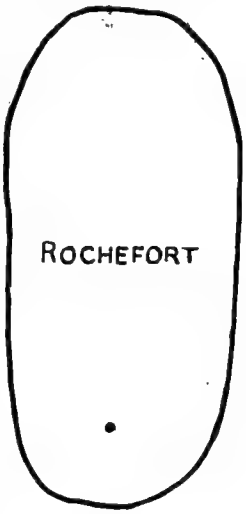
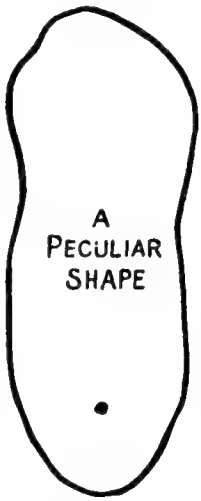
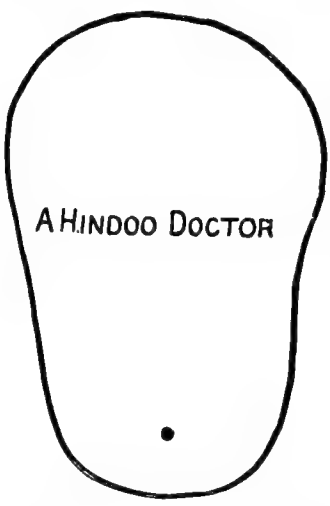
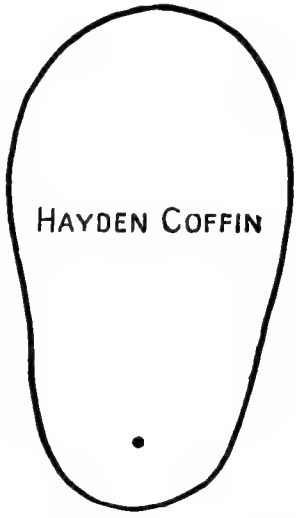
activity in the mental region; it denotes clearly that such a shape as this indicates the thinker, the deviser, the schemer of detailed work, the inventor, while the back is not slow in demonstrating that there is an even brain there. The full sides of the head show imagination.

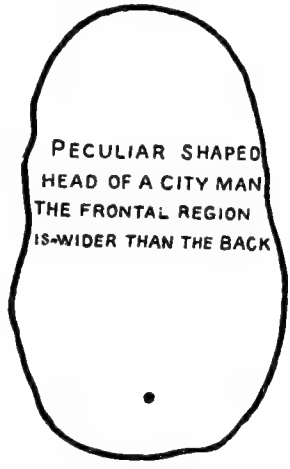




I should not like to maintain that Baron Rothschild's may be taken as representing the head of the financier, yet in that gentleman's case one would think the financial fraternity would consider it a compliment to be endowed with a head shaped in the manner and after the style of the genial baron's so long as it brought them within a measurable distance of achieving the great success accomplished by the present representative of this famous house.







We are enabled to give the shape of the head of the first gentleman in Europe, the Prince of Wales. It favours somewhat the type of head of gentlemen of ease, means, and leisure, who are not responsible to the world for the success of its commerce, who consider it a remarkable thing if called upon to sign their name, and who, to be brief, live and move about in a world which is entirely of their own creation. The Prince's head is very well proportioned; it shows an even temperament, a knowledge of most things that are going nowadays, caution, and foresight.

A hatter once "took" the head of a musical celebrity, when he observed a very curious development at one side. He thought the prominence was an accidental, not a phrenological bump. Not long afterwards the hatter "conformed" the head of a coachman whose head was marked in precisely the same way as the great man's. Of a curious turn of mind, the hatter asked the Jehu if he was fond of music. The man declared his passion for it. He played from notes, and his favourite instrument was the violin. The great man, too, was a

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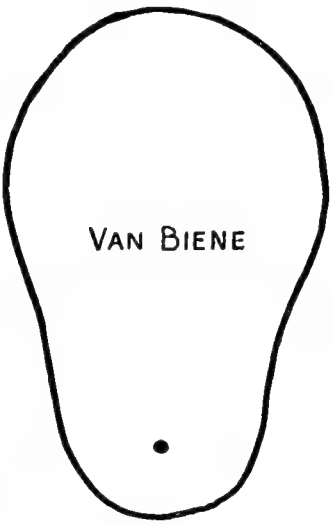
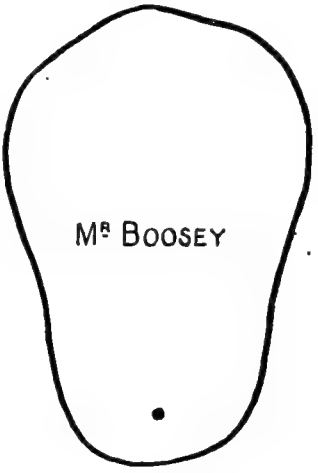
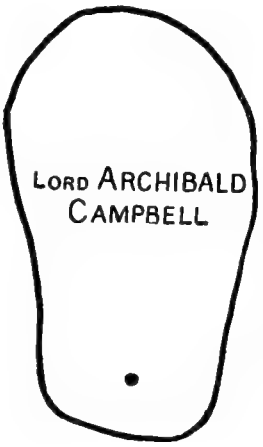
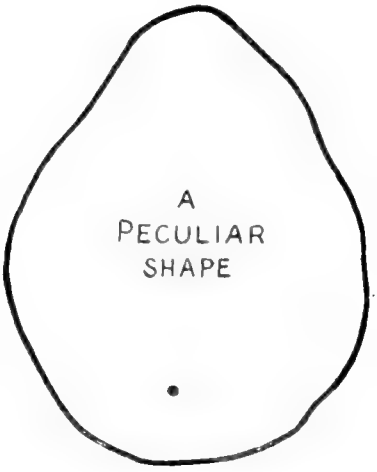
violinist. This shows the connection between the ideal and the real.

If we are to accept the theory that the successful men in various walks of life are those only who have been fortunate in selecting that path created for them by Nature, then we may assume that nearly all, if not all, the people whose heads are outlined here are, by virtue of their individual success in their own specific walks of life, to be included among those fortunate beings who have been lucky enough to find the right track of life laid down for them in the beginning by indulgent Fortune, and so we can take their heads as patterns.



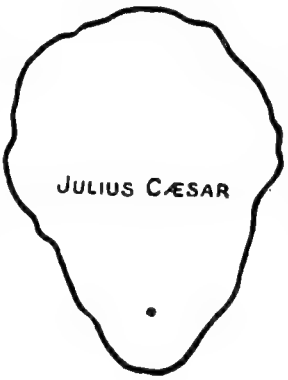






As I have said, the outline of an Englishman's head, irrespective of characteristic form, is oval, while the German's is round, the French short, broad behind, narrow in front. The shape of the Spaniard's head is somewhat like the Frenchman's. The Scotsman's head is longer than the Englishman's, while the Australian's head is shorter than the latter. The head of the average American is long and thin, with no unusual development; yet Jonathan is particularly cute viewed in the light of his personal characteristics.

One important fact to remember is that a very irregularly-shaped head does not imply that you are qualified for any other place in the world save that reserved for a genius or an ordinarily successful man, for if such a state of things were really so, the gentlemen whose heads are given as "peculiar shapes" and representing those of a bishop, a titled soldier, and a celebrated Q.C., respectively, would not feel greatly flattered.



The head of Sardou, of Dumas, of Munkaczy, is, in each particular case, very irregular in shape; while the head of the late Mr. Gladstone was a notable exception to an ugly outline. But for two slight prominences at the forehead, Mr. Gladstone's head was a perfectly symmetrical oval.

Very few heads agree in shape on both sides; they are not as symmetrical as an egg, for instance; on

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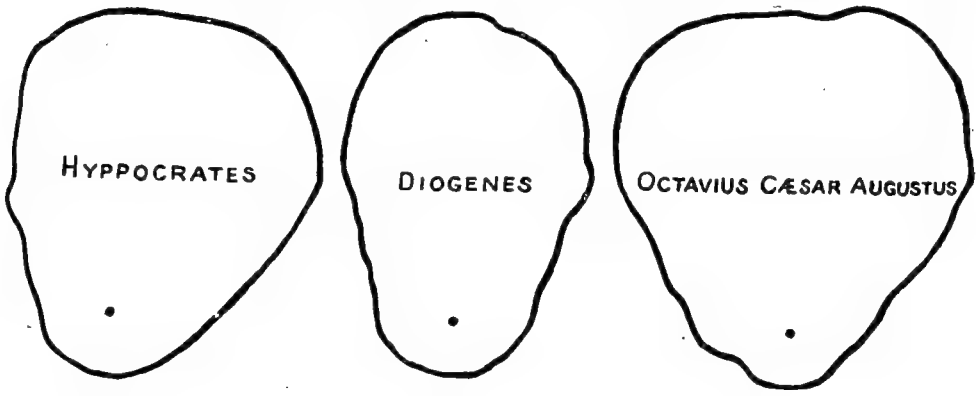
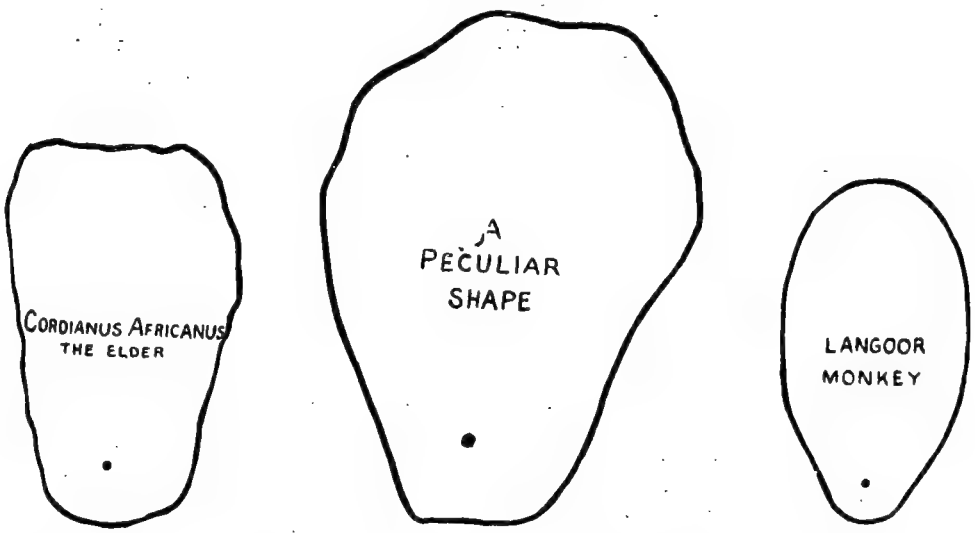


the contrary, nine out of ten heads are potatoe-shaped.

Here is another curious fact in connection with heads. You would think that when a person arrived at the adult stage of life the head would be conservative and keep to a fixity of shape. As a matter of fact, however, the form of the head, even of that of an old man, is liable to frequent change. In support of this strange feature in the shape of the head, there is at the present day a notable Member of Parliament whose shape of head varies twice a year, so much so, indeed, that a hat made for him six months ago can now be adjusted on his head and worn only with pain and difficulty. The head of this gentleman does not increase in size, but the contour changes, sometimes growing a trifle wider, sometimes shortening from the forehead to the back of the head, and occasionally narrowing in hitherto wide places. Upon the advent of the silver period of life, when one's cranial forest turns to that shade which brings with it — or it ought to do — reverence and dignity, the head gradually becomes smaller, and it also sometimes shrinks through illness or mental worry.

One is tempted to ask one's self the question: What sort of heads were those of the ancients? By the thoughtful kindness of Dr. S. S. Murray, LL.D., I am enabled to give here the shape of the heads of some of the most famous characters of ancient Greece and Rome, taken from their busts in the British Museum.



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By Edward Noble.

The man was a down river boatman (a Thames waterman to be precise), who for five years had gone on little desultory excursions to the shipping, and puzzled the inquisitors of the causeway with his net.

When asked to explain its use, Dick replied he had been in the navy, and liked the look of torpedo nettings hang over the side. Asked, too, where he obtained his "freedom,"* he produced his papers, and said, "Up along." Up along apparently stood for Greenwich.

No one quite understood him, yet all were his friends. He rarely talked, yet frequently appeared walking up and down the sloping causeway in company; but it was generally the friend who did the talking.

That he slept somewhere was generally admitted as possible, but during five years' comradeship none had ever been within Dick's room; and long before that time expired, the men who lounged about the causeway, waiting on a dying trade, had given Dick up.

When a wild burst of song came down the wind, his friends standing in shelter of the pier-master's hutch, shrugged their shoulders, and said: "Oh, it's Dick; it's onlie Musser Dick!" and fell to further contemplation of the muddy river. When a figure broke like a whirlwind from the wharf, and took his boat suddenly down stream, the men smiled and said: "O! it's Dick—Musser Dick is after a job!" When a gale was blowing, and all the wherries were beached out of reach of the combing spindrift, and a man was seen driving up river, singing, shouting, and waving his arms, the boatmen joggled elbows, and said: "There goes Dick—who'll odds it Dick uz had a job?"

But no one ever accepted the proffered wager. The men had grown to know their mate in those five years of observation.

Generally, Dick was to be seen walking strenuously up and down the causeway, his hands thrust deep in ragged pockets, his patched and colourless coat buttoned high about his throat, his disgraceful cap set jauntily on towsled hair, that knew nothing of the civilising influence of a brush. Rain or shine, wind or calm, there he walked his lurching promenade; sometimes silent, sometimes singing, sometimes whistling a ragged tune; but generally alone.

This was his every-day attitude, his every-day attire, month in, month out, from seven till twelve, and from one till five; after that the causeway knew him no more, unless by chance it was Wednesday night, and the Antwerp boat happened to be late. Indeed, his conduct on Wednesday was always remarkable. He was on the pier, his boat hauled up, cleaned, and put in readiness an hour before any other boatman was about. By that time he would be walking up and down the promenade, his hands thrust deeper into his pockets, his shoulders

* Freedom to ply for hire.

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more definitely rounded, his cap set firmer on his head, his coat buttoned tighter about his throat; silent, watchful, attentive to the passing shipping.

Rain, wind, hail, snow, sun, fog all passed unheeded by Dick on this day. Sometimes, if the weather was superlatively bad, an old, old oilskin was added to his apparel; not worn as men usually wear a coat, but slung about his neck, much as a Fuegian wears his huanaco skin apron, under the lee of which he crouches shivering.

When his comrades saw Dick don his oilskin, they took it as a sign from Heaven they need wait no longer, and Dick was left in lonely majesty until his hour came.

These curious phases could not long remain unnoticed in a community where all men are trained observers of the obvious. Indeed, it soon came to be remarked that Dick was a stickler for Wednesday "seeking." More especially he seemed keen on cutting out Teddy Mallins, who wherried the Antwerp pilot to and from his ship.

One day, Dick was walking the causeway, whistling and singing at intervals, when one of the men approached him. "Seems to me, Musser Dick, he remarked, as the other drew rein, "you've got a dead set on that Antwarp boat. Chuck it, matee, you'll never ketch Teddy asleep; it's waste o' time. Chuck it."

Dick made no definite reply. He stared hard at the river, whistled a few bars, took two or three steps waltz fashion down the causeway, and continued as though nothing had happened. But from that day out Dick made several trips daily, and on Wednesday came to honour more than one vessel with his attention. The boatmen had therefore more frequent opportunities for their favourite remark, and—"O! it's onlie Dick, Musser Dick" came to be a bye-word on the sluggish causeway.

But there was another side to Dick's character, a side only apparent to those who delve beneath the merely obvious, and search for reasons amidst men's actions.

As soon as Dick left the pier he was a new man, and the newness grew as he approached his home. He walked straight, his footsteps no longer shuffled. He came to a little dingy street, wandering tortuously to an ultimate *cul-de-sac*, and paused. He always paused, and glanced around; then, having satisfied himself he was alone, instantly continued on his way. Near the far end, he entered a small and dingy shop; a shop addicted especially to general supplies, wherein presided a fat and kindly widow. Here he paused again, and, looking across at the woman who always bustled forth to meet him, said, in a voice as changed as was his manner, "Any better, Mrs. Galton?" and waited expectant.

The answer came to him in silence. A look, a slight head motion—a thing of deadly monotony, but sufficient; then Dick would breath hard, and pass into the little room behind the counter, whence presently he emerged clad from top to toe in the garb of a city clerk. An entirely new Dick, wearing trimmed hair, a man the causeway would scarcely recognise. Dressed thus, he passed upstairs quietly, and, halting on the little landing, opened the door.

Once this had been a signal for hurried footsteps; light, dancing, girlish, tripping footsteps; then followed a quick rush, and the footsteps ceased. Someone was held in someone's arms, someone was choking and kicking in someone's embrace, and for a

An old oilskin was added to his apparel.

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Someone was held in someone's arms.

space the dull room overhead echoed with joyful cries and childish laughter. This, at all events, was discernible to Mrs. Galton waiting on seedy customers in the shop beneath, but despite the merry sounds, she always sighed wearily: "Aye, aye! followin', followin'. Poor little Miss. Poor Mr. Richard."

So time, dragging slowly onward, saw no break in the dull monotony, except that the doctor came and went; the footsteps, crossing nightly to greet the homecomer, grew less brisk, lagged, took to walking. The laughter, the scuffle, the kicking, all grew fainter, until at length one night they ceased entirely, and Mrs. Galton went about on tiptoe in the shop beneath.

This happened in December. A bleak and dismal day had gone the way of others when Dick came in, and asked his question with the old, pathetic, upward twist. The answer came as usual, a silent negative; then Dick changed his dress, and hastened up the stairs. All was dark. No creaking chair, no welcome movement, all as still as death. The man halted on the threshold. No sound fell. He opened the door; still silence. Then came hurrying footsteps, the man's, pacing heavily across the room, and when they ceased, a soft, wailing cry stole through the open door to Mrs. Galton, listening at the stair-foot; a soft, wailing cry, then silence.

"Followin', followin'. Poor little Miss!"

Mrs. Galton's crooning whisper fell amidst the throes of a strong man's sobs; then she bustled to the door, and sent a vehemenent message for the doctor.

* * * *

A week had passed since Dick had left the causeway—a whole week, and none had seen him. The fraternity shook their heads, and "allowed" many things by way of explanation. None fell near the truth. Dick's boat, with its curious netting, remained. When Dick had done his "gambol" he would return. And so he did return.

The same Dick? Scarcely. Yet the difference was not noticed on the causeway. The men marvelled simply at one wonder: Dick had been absent a week, and had nothing to tell. The fraternity put it down to a sudden fit of drunkenness.

But the man was changed. A grey pallor stood in his face; his eyes were sunken, great shadows lay in the hollows beneath. He stared as a man stares who sees a vision. That was

Dick descended carrying the portmanteau.

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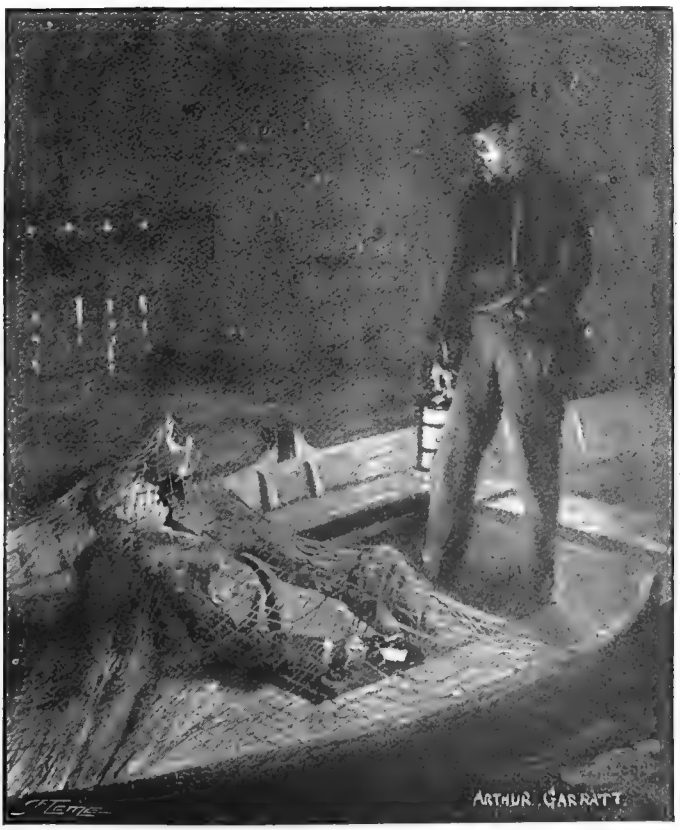
the change. In all else Dick was unregenerate. Dirty coat, ragged trousers, tangled hair, a towsled wisp of crape still on his arm. The fraternity "doubted" whether the wisp was new, but agreed it was wise to leave the question buried.

So the time passed; day grew to night, night grew to day. From seven till twelve, and from one till five Dick was on the causeway, walking more doggedly than ever, talking less, addicted oftener to sudden bursts of song, and ever strenuous in his exertions to cut out Teddy with the Antwerp boat.

A year crept by, December came again. A dull, spiritless, enervating December, with sudden frosts and sodden days of sullen steam, fogs predominant, invigorating breezes nowhere.

On one such day the Antwerp boat again was late. The sun had long set. Dick and Teddy were the only two on the causeway when at length her signals were heard, groaning horribly, far down the foggy reach. Teddy hastened immediately to call the pilot; and when some fifteen minutes later they started, Dick and his boat had vanished.

The signals, repeated at intervals, presently sounded off the town, and the steamer came to anchor. The tide was running ebb, and no captain, not a fool, would hazard a passage further in such weather. Anyone who wished to get to town, might land and go by rail. Only one showed any desire. He came to the rail seeking a boat. "The manner in which the Cap'n had fooled about was," he considered, "disgraceful, unpardonable." He (the passenger) had been due at a meeting in London these six hours. In future he would take care to make the trip by a boat whose skipper was not troubled with blue funks. Could he get to town if he went ashore?" "Certainly, a train leaves in fifty minutes; nothing is easier, provided a boat is here."



Dick brought a lantern and through the dense fog stood watching his victim.

A boat was there, bobbing at the foot of the ladder. Musser Dick's boat. "Would the boatman take the passenger ashore, and could he catch the train by so doing?" "Would he? Yaas, if so be' he's pawsed the Custims. Could he? Easy as knife it." Dick descended, carrying the bag, the rugs, the portmanteau; then with Dick's assistance, the passenger got placed on the after seat.

They pushed off, and as they rounded the stern, a second boat crept past, and a voice cried: "There goes Dick—Musser Dick 'ee's got 'is job at lawst!"

It was the pilot's boat with Teddy rowing.

The fog enveloped them. A curious silence lay on the face of the turgid river. Dick sculled swiftly onward. The shipping clatter died, the roar of escaping steam

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ceased; the monotonous click of Dick's sculls was the only sound that broke the stillness. It was dark, too, so dark that neither man could see the other. The lights were wrapped in a dense grey steam, the boat moved into a circular patch less grey, beneath which the river ran gurgling far into the silent night.

The passenger grew impatient. "Give way, my lad!" he growled. But Dick rowed on unheeding. Again, five minutes later, "I shall miss my train if you don't look sharp." Then Dick leaned on his sculls, and said: "M'ybe I've lost me bearin's; set still while I find a compass."

He turned the sculls forward as he spoke, and stepped aft to search the stern. "Beg pawdin!" he remarked, and drew a rope across the passenger's knees.

"Devil take your ropes and you!" growled the other; "Speak, if I'm in your way!"

"You are!" said Dick, as he pulled hard on the rope; "you've been in my way for years—but now it's finished!"

"Steady! Oh, my God!"

The cry ceased abruptly, the passenger was lying on his back in the wherry with Dick's net drawn tight about him. He lay still a moment as though stunned, then broke into a volley of oaths as he struggled aimlessly with the ropes. But Dick brought a lantern aft, and stood watching him all unmoved.

"No use, Ellison," he remarked banteringly; "no one can hear—besides—you might capsize—the boat."

The man gasped and lay still.

"Travers!" the man cried, with a curious tremour; "is that—Dick—Travers?"

"Who else would trouble to wait five years to net you?"

Mabel, little Mabel, whom you nursed on your knee.

"For God's sake, what d'ye mean? A joke's a joke, this goes beyond. What do you want?"

"My wife and child!"

"I know nothing of them. I have not seen them for years."

"No," said Dick, with that old pathetic twist; "nor have I seen them, either, for years."

Then silence fell between them. The man watching Dick fancied he smiled.

"Come!" he cried again, "you have me on the hip; tell me, eh, it's a question of price, as usual?"

Dick made no reply; he was busily engaged rendering his net secure.

"I know what it is," the man continued appealingly, "you think I wronged you over that flotation. I know it is not easy for us all to see matters with unprejudiced eyes. You think I hurt you willingly. My dear fellow, you should have known me better; come, shall we make a bargain?"

"Aye!" cried Dick, turning on him fiercely; "keep your bargains. Don't palter with words. You skinned me as a butcher skins a stuck sheep. You took advantage of my lack of business training, and robbed me. You call it business. I call it swindling. Nothing can palliate it, nothing can alter it. You did it openly to your friend, and now your friend has the power."

"My dear fellow, had I known——"

"Silence!" he interrupted with savage scorn, "you did know. I wrote; your secretary answered my letters. You ruined me. You killed my wife and child, and now—hark! Do you hear that sound?"

A stealthy gurgling stole into the night. The man struggled horribly in his net.

"My God! what do you mean?"

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"Nothing," said Dick, "I fancied for a moment the boat was leaking."

Again the man twisted violently, but the boat lurched, and he grew quiet by stress of fear. He looked across at his friend sitting motionless on the thwart. Dick was gazing into the flickering lamp, as silent as in those days when he watched, on Wednesday, for the Antwerp boat. The captive thought he saw pity in Dick's eyes.

"Travers!" he groaned, "this has gone far enough. I own that circumstances fell awkwardly for you. Matters might have run smoother, but there was a crisis, my hand was forced. I——"

"Liar!" cried the other, again leaping into fury; "you did what you did because you are a rogue, because you are a thief, and never knew the meaning of honour, justice, or any other paltry virtue."

"Listen," he continued, as Ellison attempted speech; "I will show you how the thing happened from my point of view. You and I were friends. You were a business man, I was 'a fool with a process and some hundreds.' I showed you the process. We experimented together; you thought the thing might be worth money, and I sank my money proving it. When that was gone you supplied more. The thing was found to be worth flotation, it was floated; but you, my friend, were vendor, concessionaire, patentee, and all in one. Who was I? Only 'a crank with a theory.' Could I prove my words? I tried, but you had the longer purse. I failed. Then I became Musser Dick; once I had been 'a fool with some money and a process,' now I'm 'a fool with no money and a curiously-fitted boat.' Why? Because the process proved so valuable to my friend, that foreign patents were taken up, and he had frequently to journey to Antwerp."

The man breathed heavily.

"For God's sake, Dick," he gasped, "let me out of this. I will make amends. I swear it."

"You should have thought of that," said the other grimly, "when I told you my wife was dying."

"Your wife dying. Man! man! how could I help it?"

"She died of starvation, friend. Are you comfortable?"

"Devil!" he shouted, struggling.

"Little Mabel, pretty golden-haired Mabel, whom you nursed on your knee," Dick continued, with husky voice and forced attention to details, "died also of starvation. She spoke of you with her last breath. She did not know, you see. How could I——"

Dick halted abruptly, the man lay quite still, the boat began to lurch disconsolately, and the water rippled across the bottom boards. The man struggled to his elbow.

"In God's name what's that?" he shouted.

"Water," said Dick, quite calmly, "I fear the boat is leaking."

"Leaking! Man, I am wet to my knees! Help! Help, oh God!"

"What a fuss you make," said Dick, "I, too, am wet."

"Travers! I will straighten things. You shall have half of all I made. I swear it—I swear it?"

"I don't want it. Keep it."

"It means thousands to you—comfort, luxury!" he screamed; "Travers! Dick! Do you not hear?"

"I hear," said Dick, "I have no use for it—now."

A fearful cry broke from the lips of the tortured man. The river rang with his shrieks, then exhausted, he turned once more to gaze at Dick sitting so calmly in the lamp-light.

"Is there no—way—out of it?" he shouted.

"None."

The man made a desperate move, and the boat lurched horribly.

"Sit tight, cur!" said Dick, "a few moments will end it."

"Devil, I can't! Dick, there's a—a—pistol in—my—bag; for mercy's sake—"

"Had you mercy?" cried the other as he gripped hard at the gunwale; "I said fifty pounds would have put—— Steady! old lady— A bit lower down—would have been better. It's a steamer passing. Now we are passing—eh, friend?"

The boat lurched gunwale under, a sudden wavelet leaped across her, the lamp died spluttering amidst the spume; then the river rolled on through the steaming fog, swirling, eddying, twisting, silent.

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How the Biggest Ship Afloat Fought the Fiercest Hurricane Known

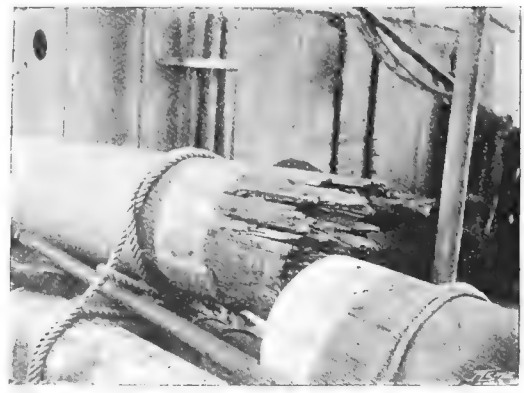
By Clement Edwards.

The *May Flint* has not always been a ship, for once on a time she was a big ocean liner, the *Persian Monarch*. Her existence as a steamer terminated in an imprudent expedition on her part on to the shores of Long Island.

She was bought, renamed the *May Flint*, and from a dull prosaic steamship became the largest ship afloat. Some two years ago she came within an ace of total destruction. Fortunately for her, her adventure this time was away in mid ocean, her fight being with the elements alone, unassisted by the treachery of a lee shore and hungry rocks.

She was bound from Philadelphia to Hiogo, and for the first week or so all went merry as the proverbial marriage-bell. Over 300 knots a day were often logged, and never a stitch of canvas had to be furled or even reefed.

As often happens, the first sign of the coming storm was a dead calm. Not a cat's paw broke the burnished surface of the sea. An almost imperceptible swell just sufficed idly to roll the great ship. All about was a dead silence, broken only by the soft flap of the sails against the masts, and the occasional clanking of the rudder chains. The air was cool, and clear and bright. Yet Capt. Nichols was too old a seaman not to feel some apprehension of such weather.



From a Photo.

The main yard snapped off short. This portion fell inboard and was secured.

Towards midnight the first unmistakable indications of coming trouble showed themselves. Away on the western horizon there seemed to hover a peculiar faint shimmer. Then presently and with majestic slowness there crept upwards, like some gigantic stage scene, a long ragged, broken edge of dense blackness. The captain was summoned; sharp, quick orders were given; the watch below was called, whilst the watch on deck hurried up the ratlines and disappeared in to the heights of the upper rigging. With feverish haste sail after sail was furled, whilst below on deck everything movable was made fast.

Still there was unbroken silence. Suddenly there came the pattering of great drops of rain and a long moaning sigh as of a stricken creature. A puff or two of wind gently played upon the reefed topsails. There came a pause, a few more drops of rain, then, with terrific fury, the gale broke upon the ship. She heeled to the blast, heeled until the lee-scuppers were almost a wash, but quickly righted herself as the squall passed away.

Once again for a few minutes the rain fell idly on to the deck. Then it grew into a driving pelt, and presently the ship was lurching and staggering before the gale. For three days she drove. The sea by this time was running mountains high, and anon the long, tapering bowsprit seemed to scratch the heavy, driving clouds, only the next moment to be plunging wildly downwards until it almost buried itself in the surging waters.

Google

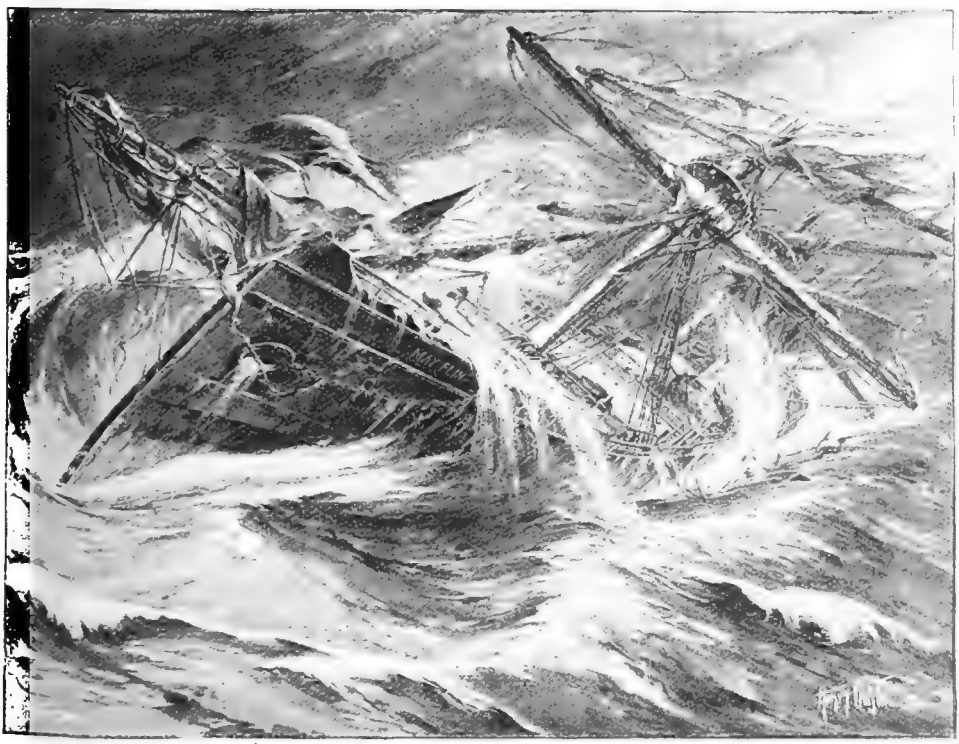
Bad as matters were, the worst had not yet happened. Early in the morning of September 5th a change seemed to come over the aspect of the sky; the heavy-laden clouds seemed tinted with streaks and patches of green and yellow. Fierce as the gale had been it increased, and blast after blast struck the great ship, each time heaving her almost on to her beam ends. Over and over again it seemed as though it were impossible for her to recover, only for her to leap savagely from the waters and, righting herself, stagger on once more before the driving wind.

What with the terrific seas that swept the decks of the vessel, and the violent plunges she made, walking was an impossibility. The watch crouched under the lee of the windward bulwarks, clinging to the stanchions and shrouds, and making themselves as secure as might be with lines about their waists.

It has not come to many men to have witnessed in mid ocean a sight such as these men must have seen and yet lived to have told the tale. From the after part of the ship the sight was superbly grand. At one moment her stern would be poised in mid-air, whilst, with a wild rush, the great ship plunged downward into the seething waters until the jibboom and even the bowsprit were buried in the boiling, bubbling waters, and the waves were awash the foc'sle.

Shuddering from keelson to truck, she lay buried for the moment under the ponderous mass of the seas that swamped her. Then with a huge effort the sharp bows would lift skyward as the stern sank into the abyss of a huge trough, and the water aboard would come tumbling aft with all the force of a mountain torrent. And high over the poop huge crested seas reared themselves and, falling, broke under the counter until the taffrail seemed to stand in a bed of shimmering, frothy snow.

The gale had grown to a mighty hurricane, when suddenly in a stupendous squall the ship was laid sheer down on her beam ends. Sea after sea swept her, and



The "May Flint" during the Height of the Hurricane.

Sea after sea broke over her; her topmasts were carried away and, battering at her side, nearly sank her. She owed her salvation to the wonderful strength of her hull. Had she been a wooden ship or a light steel craft, she would have been lost with all hands.

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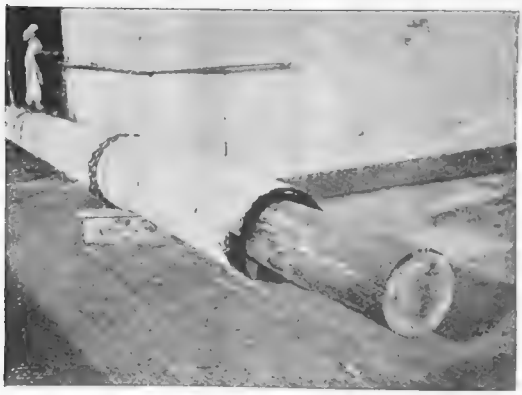

From a Photo.
The main topmast was made of iron, yet was snapped like a reed. With immense difficulty it was secured and lashed to the deck.

it seemed as though her doom were surely sealed.

The captain realised her danger, and grasping an axe he clambered and crawled forward until he stood abreast the foremast clinging to the weather shrouds. Some of the crew followed him, whilst others, caught by a heavy sea, were hurled from their holds into the lea scuppers, where a few clutched ropes, whilst others clung to the mizen shrouds.

The topmasts were bending like reeds until the weather rigging was stretched like violin strings, and hummed wild notes in the howling wind. With swift blows the captain slashed at the running rigging, and the few remaining sails that were set were cut adrift, and quickly flapped themselves to shreds.

But still she did not right herself. Suddenly, high above the yelping of the wind and the thundering of the sea, came a huge crash, as the fore-topmast went by the cap, followed by another and yet another, as the main and mizen topmasts followed suit. To an extent the vessel righted herself, but, the wreckage, littering her decks and grinding at her sides, held her down and threatened her with momentary destruction. Axe in hand, the skipper and every man aboard, strove frantically to cut adrift the tangled mass—a task of frightful difficulty, owing to so much of the rigging being of steel wire.

In the boiling surf that churned out from under the lee of the ship, the huge spars threatened at any moment to pierce the vessel's hull. But at length they were cleared, and, maimed and dismantled, the *May Flint* rolled and wallowed in the troughs of the great seas.

For three days she lay thus helpless, whilst wave after wave battered her sides, or broke over her and swept her fore and aft.

From a Photo.
The rigging of the *May Flint* gone by the board.

The worst, however, was over, for the gale gradually wore itself out and the sea calmed, until at length the crew were enabled to commence the task of getting the vessel under jury-rig. For fifteen days they laboured at the work of getting up temporary masts and spars, and bending on spare sails. At length all thought of continuing the voyage having been abandoned, the ship's nose was turned homewards, and on October 8th Captain Nichols brought the *May Flint* safe back to New York.

Marvellous to relate, not one single life had been lost, though many of the men bore marks of the rough handling they had experienced. Some faint idea of the power of the elements may be gleaned from the photographs we reproduce.

From a Photo.
The port lighthouse, battered and wrecked; with a portion of the rail, bent and broken by the force of the waves.

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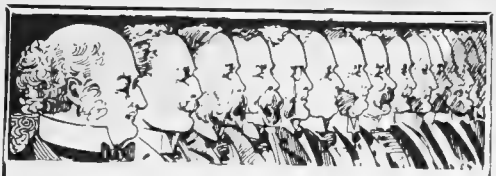

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WISDOM AND ONE LITTLE GIRL.

It is good to be wise, yet not good to be over-confident in one's wisdom. For how often does our knowledge prove no better than vanity, and we are put to confusion. Before some disguised or hidden truth, brought to light at the pleasure of Providence, how our brave array of positive opinions is shown up as a tangle of mistakes. With open eyes, and minds alert, ought we indeed, to seek for facts; not forgetting that it is the humble, more than the eager and audacious, who are led in judgment.

There is a phrase which runs all too glibly off the pens of magazine writers and newspaper correspondents, namely, "*All signs point infallibly to*," &c., &c. Then follow predictions, plenty as feathers from moulting birds, and big with the fate of nations.

The next week—where are they? Stored away with last year's models of bicycles, my boy, and succeeded by a new lot.

No. Let us not lean too heavily even on the broad shoulder of a hitherto unbroken experience; for "all signs" never "point infallibly" to anything in particular, and by trusting them we may be deluded and deceived. And it was, of a verity, just this that happened to certain medical gentlemen in the case of little Ada Skinner.

"My daughter, Ada," her mother says, "now fourteen years old, was a fine healthy girl up to April, 1890, when she had a bad attack of measles. After it she never got up her strength. She remained tired and weak. She had no appetite, and after eating suffered great pain both at the chest and under the heart. As often as three times a day she would faint away.

"She had great pain in the hands, knees, and ankles; in fact all over her. Later on a hacking cough set in, and night sweats, so bad that her pillow was soaked. She slept badly at night and was worn out and exhausted in the morning.

"Gradually she wasted away until she was but little more than skin and bone. We had to carry her up and down stairs, and during the day she would lie motionless for hours. She could take only liquid food, such as beef tea, milk, &c. Her condition was pitiable to see. None who saw her thought she would get better. Sometimes she seemed to rally and got about for a few days, and then took to her bed again, bad as ever.

"In this state my child continued for *over seven years*. At first she was treated by a local doctor, without benefit. *He said she was consumptive*; and as my mother died of consumption, we thought Ada would, sooner or later.

"In October, 1893, I took her to the Westminster Hospital, where they examined her and *said she was in consumption*. We then resumed the first doctor's treatment, (but as before) with no good result. For the first seven months of last year (1897) she was confined to her bed, and many times I thought she was dying.

"In the following October my husband heard of cases similar to Ada's having been cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup. As nothing else had been of any use, we concluded to try this medicine. He got a bottle from Prosser's Stores, Walworth Road. After our little girl had taken it we could see an improvement. Her appetite revived and she had less pain. I continued giving it to her and she grew stronger. Almost incredible as the assertion may appear to those not familiar with this remedy, it is nevertheless true that *in three weeks she was able to leave her bed*.

"After this she never looked back, but grew slowly and surely stronger. In a brief time the cough left her altogether. She can now eat any kind of food, is wholly free from pain, and able to walk out. Her lost flesh has returned, and she looks once more like her old self. All the neighbours wondered at the change, and I told them that Mother Seigel's Syrup, and that alone, had cured her. It has truly saved my child's life, and I wish others to know of it. You can therefore publish this statement, and refer anyone to me." (Signed) Edith Skinner, 25, Farmer's Road, Kennington Park, London, S.E., Jan. 18th, 1898.

Mr. and Mrs. Skinner are people of excellent repute, and the case of their daughter is well known in the district. Judging from the facts—which are not disputed—Ada Skinner was at no time a subject of consumption. If she had been she would not have been cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup, nor by anything else. It has never been claimed that Mother Seigel's Syrup will cure consumption. What it *does* cure is indigestion (dyspepsia), and the many disorders and ailments directly caused by indigestion. Among them are certain symptoms seen in this case—which so closely resemble those of consumption as to mislead even medical men who are accustomed to deal with lung and throat diseases. That was what happened in this instance, and it led to wrong treatment (and neglect of the right treatment) that came near costing the life of the young girl.

Owing to improved sanitation, and other reasons not to be detailed here, there is vastly less consumption in England than there used to be; but dyspepsia is still too common for our happiness and safety. Therefore, in all cases of illness in old or young, when there is a doubt, the wiser course is to take dyspepsia for granted, and treat for *that*—at least until indubitable proofs of consumption show themselves. In this way no harm can be done, while the chances of cure are multiplied tenfold.

For the highest wisdom is not to be too sure of our wisdom.

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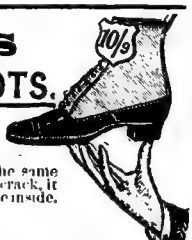

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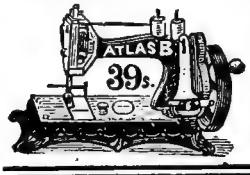

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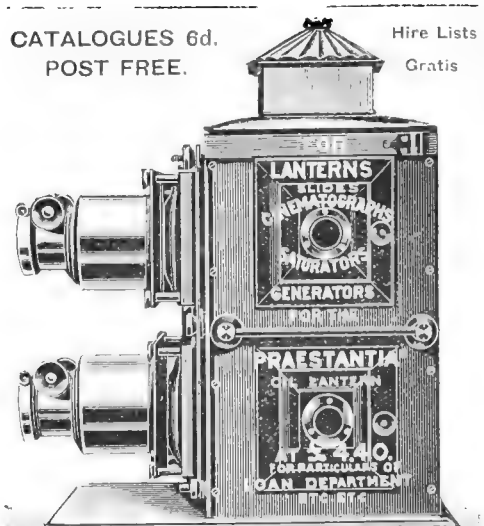

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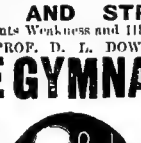

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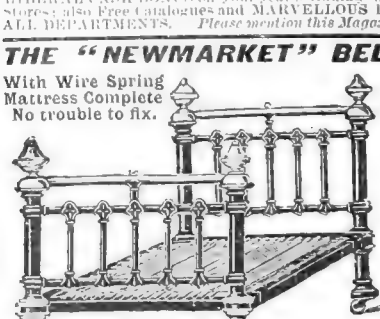

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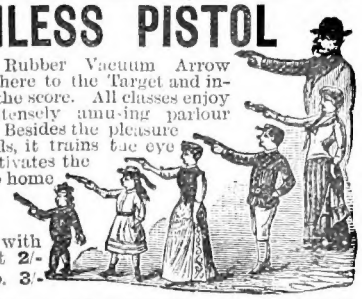

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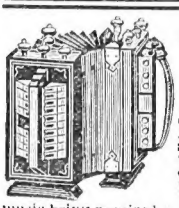

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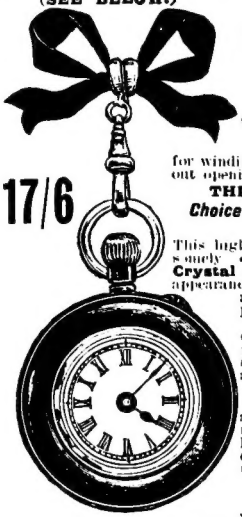

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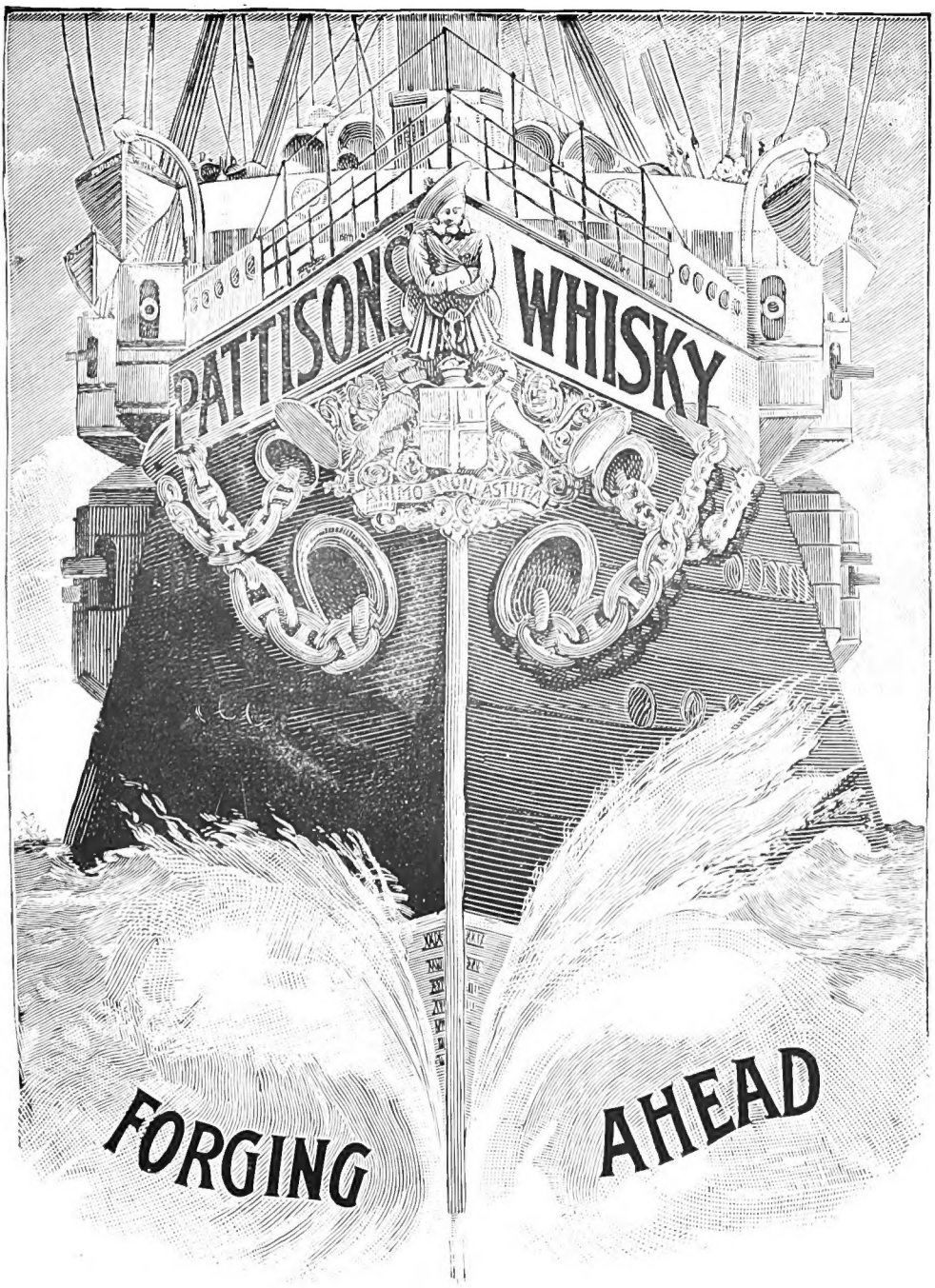

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